

# SINGER SEWING MACHINES 1972

## At your service

the superior "Singer" models —  
a large selection at reasonable prices,  
with a variety of sewing possibilities  
from straight stitches or zig-zag,  
buttonholers and complicated decorative stitchings  
to the latest improvement of "Singer"  
"Flexi Stitch" especially suitable for  
synthetic fabrics.

"Singer" Sewing Machines —  
a quality product of a company  
with experience and reputation for  
120 years.

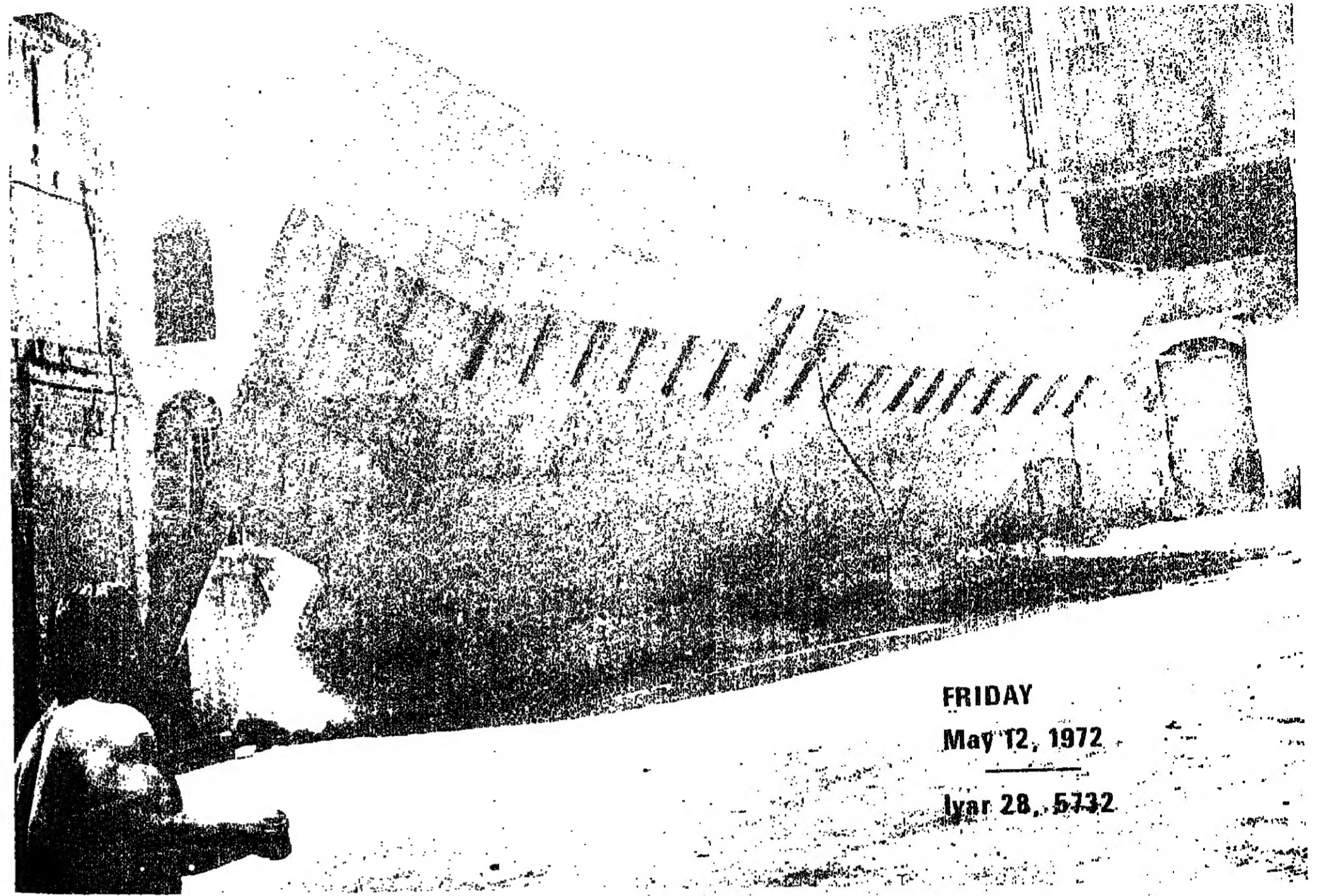
ISRAEL DISTRIBUTORS:

**Servodynamics**

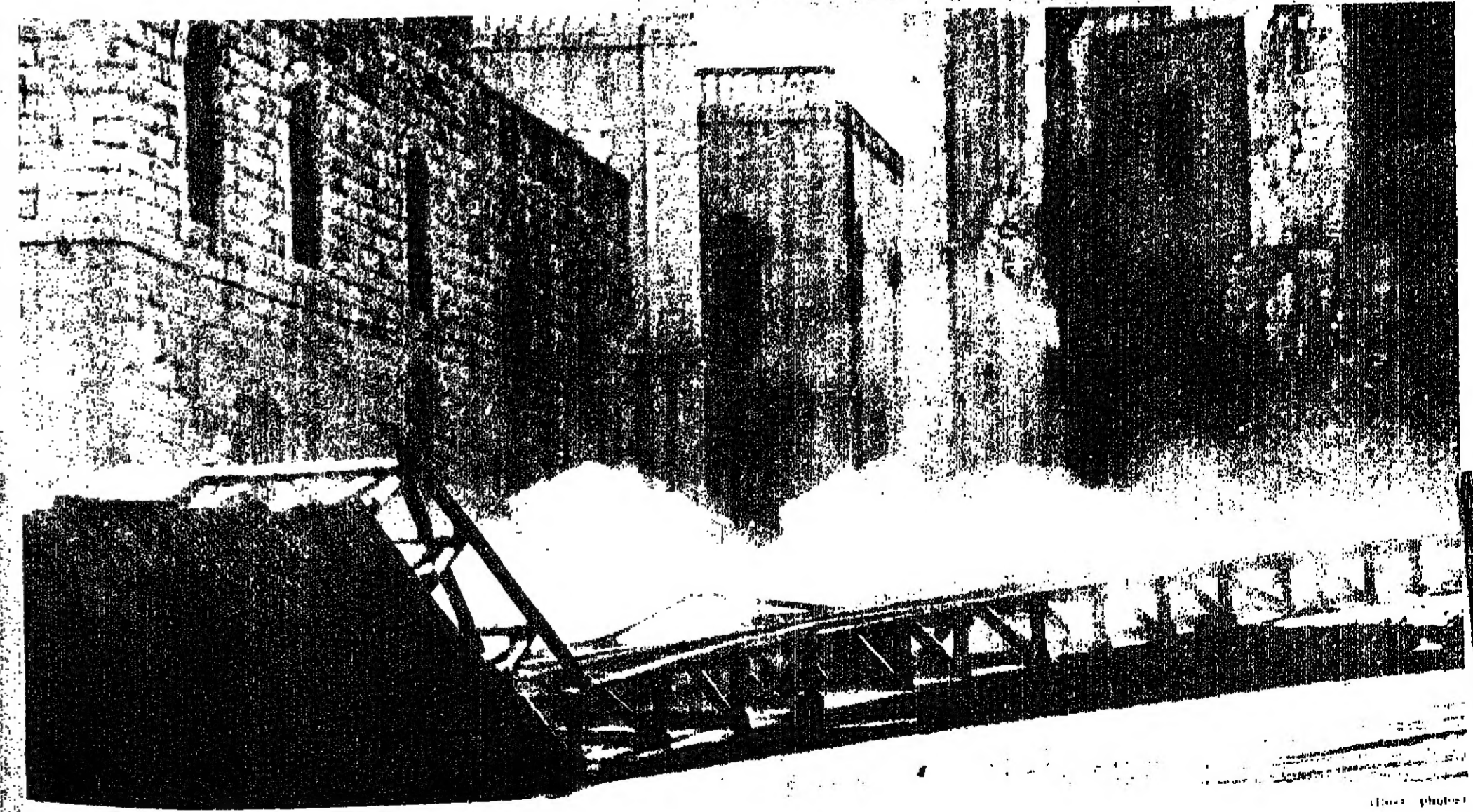
SALES AND SHOWROOMS:

14 Rehov Carlebach, Tel. 206291, Tel Aviv  
58 Sderoth Hamegidim, Tel. 528216, Haifa

Duty free sales and service for new  
immigrants and returning residents



FRIDAY  
May 12, 1972  
Iyar 28, 5732



הכזא מן הכחל

הכזא מן הכחל

**THE PRIDE OF ANY HOME**  
 Beautifully bound and gold embossed with a silk bookmark and exquisite printing, each book is a pleasure to read and a privilege to display.



accept us as

# LUCREZIA BORGIA

as your first volume of this new series  
 Lucrezia was a woman to be loved to despair or hated with frenzy—the pawn of Renaissance popes and princes. This spellbinding panorama of violence and intrigue, vice and passion, can be yours AS A GIFT in introduction to *The Women who made History*.

... Catherine the Great, Empress of Russia, who changed lovers as easily as she changed the locks on her chamber doors!  
 ... The seductive Cleopatra who captivated Caesar and Mark Anthony, but who took her own life rather than succumb to the Emperor Augustus!  
 ... Elizabeth I, who inspired and gave her name to the dazzling era of momentous voyages of discovery by Drake and Raleigh... and of the immortal works of Shakespeare!  
 ... Joan of Arc, who helped crown and tragically burned at the stake!  
 ... Florence Nightingale, brilliant and ruthless, who gave up a life of luxury for the sordid battlefields of the Crimea... and all the other "Women who made History".

receive, without cost or obligation, the superbly bound volume LUCREZIA BORGIA—her tumultuous life and times.  
 When it arrives, examine the beautiful leather-like green and ivory Skivertex cover, the lavish gold stamping, the exquisite printing. Then read at your leisure about this legendary woman who was called "wife, daughter, and daughter-in-law of His Holiness the Pope".  
 In addition, so that you may judge even better how absorbing this series of beautiful books really is, we will send you, without obligation, the second volume in the collection. It tells the astonishing story of CATHERINE THE GREAT, Empress of All the Russias.

Driven to fame... or to infamy  
 Some of these women will shock you with their disregard for morality and the strength of their passions. Others will inspire you by the strength of their convictions. All of these remarkable women will fascinate you, intrigue you, entertain you! Meet them now through a marvellous new series of books, as magnificent to look at as they are entertaining to read: *The Women who made History*.

Admire the superb bindings, read these exciting true life stories, then make your decision. If you are not eager to read more about the lives of some of the world's greatest women and to build a handsome library of these collector's editions, then return the books to us within 10 days and owe nothing! But if you are as delighted as we expect you will be, you may keep *Lucrezia Borgia* ABSOLUTELY FREE! And for your de luxe volume of *Catherine the Great* we'll invoice you only the low Founder Subscriber's price of £14.80 (plus postage and packing).  
 As a Founder Subscriber, you will receive each month for just as long as you like, another exciting volume of *The Women who made History* in its exquisite binding, at the same low subscriber's price. However, there is no lengthy obligation. Any time you decide your collection is complete, simply tell us and no further volumes will be sent! To receive your first two volumes of *The Women who made History*, post the coupon now!

**EXTRA BONUS**

SET OF

A deluxe set of 5 volumes, yours practically as a gift

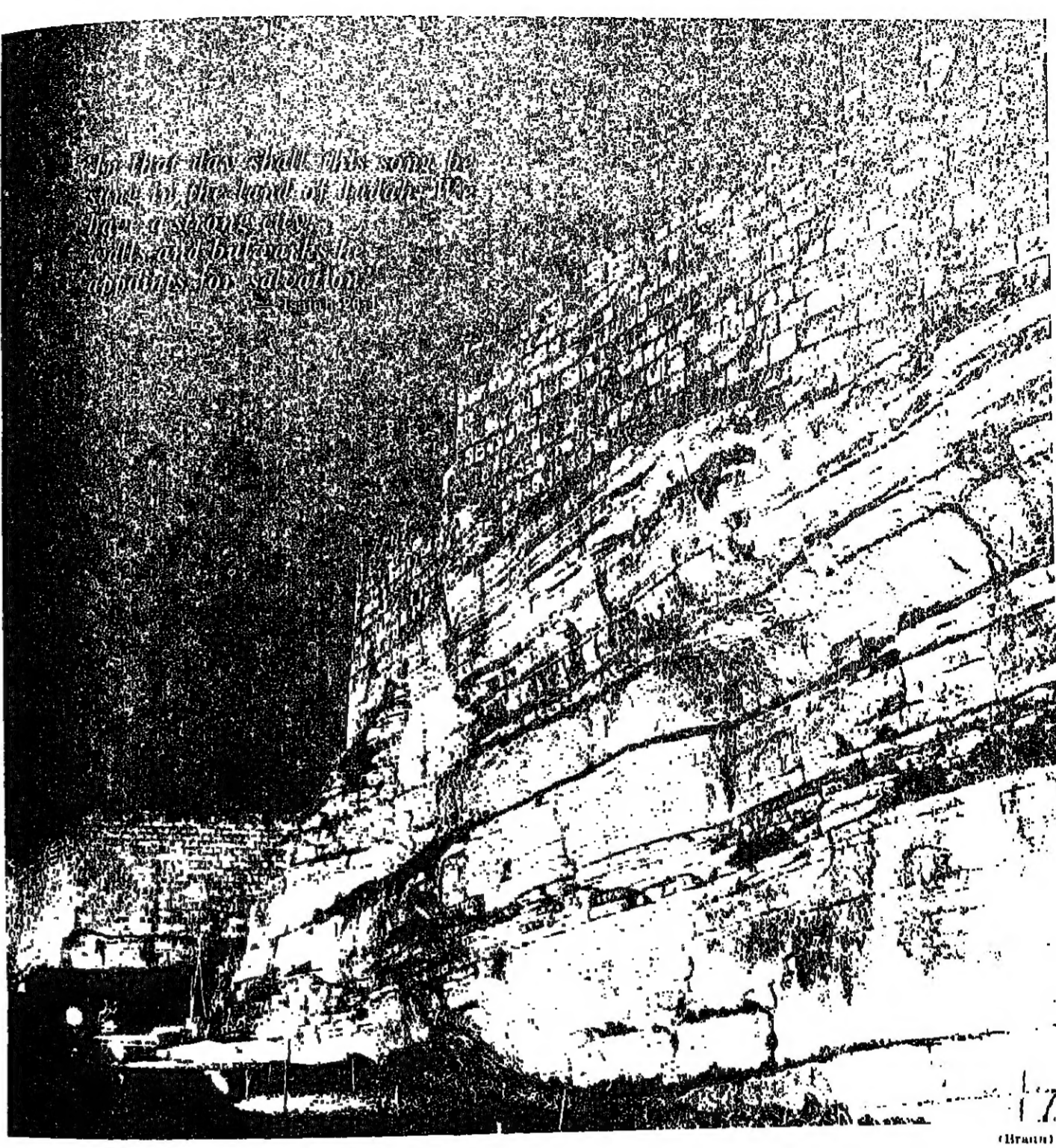
Issued to celebrate the publication of *The Women who made History* this beautifully bound set is co-edited by W. H. Auden, one of our greatest living poets. Over 1,150 immortal poems—from Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* to Gray's *Elegy*, from Shakespeare and Milton to Blake, Wordsworth, Byron, Keats, Shelley and Yeats... the very best in poetry.



JOAN HASLIP  
 the distinguished author of LUCREZIA BORGIA which we offer to send you

**Historical Encyclopaedia Supplement included FREE!**  
 Eminent authors such as Joan Haslip, Zoë Oldenbourg, Charlotte Haldane and many more bring to life for you the drama and excitement of the historic events which these heroines helped shape. Like the greatest historical novels, these books are written for pure reading pleasure but they never compromise with the historical facts of the true life drama they depict.  
 To add further to your understanding of the full significance of the times and the events covered by each book, a separate special section of historical explanations is included at no extra charge with each book.  
 Without interfering with the flow of each thrilling narration, these encyclopaedic sections explain the background of the times and give you a better historical perspective of what really happened—and why. The maps, charts, photographs and documents that are included vastly increase your understanding and reading enjoyment and form a handy reference to be consulted by you and your family in years to come.

HERON BOOKS  
 MAILEX (Israel) Ltd. 3 Hamelaha St., Holon



# JERUSALEM DAY

Yom Yerushalayim, Jerusalem Day, anniversary of the liberation of the Holy City on Iyar 29, 5737, "should be celebrated by the people of Israel as a Festival, with a festive meal and with rejoicing," the Chief Rabbinate decreed in March, 1968. "The restrictions of the Omer mourning period will be lifted on that day in consideration of the momentousness of the miracle which the Almighty wrought for his people in the liberation of Jerusalem."

... Jerusalem has a much deeper significance for me... something in my heart, something I feel... I know it was the source; it was the cornerstone for every Jew. Jerusalem is in fact a symbol of our entire history. It passes along the length of our history. And along this entire length it also served as the reference point. Jerusalem is not just an idea; it is a world that unfolds within itself everything.

The place on which Abraham had erected the altar was the same whereon Adam had brought the first sacrifice, and Cain and Abel had offered their gifts to God... the same whereon Noah raised an altar to God after he left the ark... and Abraham, who knew that it was the place appointed for the Temple, called it Yireh, for it would be the abiding place of the fear and the service of God. But as Shem had given it the name Shalem, Place of Peace, and God would not give offence to either Abraham or Shem, He united the two names, and called the city by the name Yerushalem — Jerusalem.

The cover of this special Jerusalem Day issue shows the sniper wall in the no-man's land dividing East and West Jerusalem being pulled down in June, 1967. Jerusalem Day features include an excerpt from Abraham Rabinovich's new book about the Battle for Jerusalem, pages 19-21; a description of a day at the Western Wall, by Moshe Akiav Druck, page 17; a discussion of the city's water problems in the last century, by Abraham Rivlin, page 18; and a comment on the three festivals of Iyar, by L. I. Rabinovitch, page 18.

# A CHANGING CITY

By ABRAHAM RABINOVICH  
 Jerusalem Post Reporter

**INDEX**

EYES OPEN IN GAZA — Philip Gilon and Anna Safell get the views of Mayor Nij Hashad Shawa on the new situation in the Strip. Page 4.

ROMANIA REUNITED — Diplomatic Correspondent David Landau looks back on Mrs. Mair's visit. Page 6.

WOODSTOCK A LA ISRAELI — A pictorial look at Students Day at Ein Feshka. Page 7.

IN THE BAG — Ephraim Kishon fills some laughs out of Tova's latest movie. Page 8.

THREE-RING DREAM — Georgian animal trainer tells of his plans to Robert Gary. Page 11.

TORA AND FLORA — by L.I. Rabinovitch. Page 32.

REDNET BLUES — Martha Melosh reviews her marketing with Martha (olium with a problem that everyone talks about, but few do anything about, page 23. Other features include: "Youth to Youth," page 24; "Garden for May," page 25; "New Walk" for summer fashion, page 27; Life in dinner, page 28.

INDIAN VIEW OF AMERICAN HISTORY, page 12. Other book review features include: Blackness of the Black Soul, page 13; Ideology and Israeli politics, page 14; Books about students, page 16; Children's books, page 18.

ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT — Music and Musicians, by Yehoshua Bushni, page 20; Readers and reviewers, by Mendel Kolan, page 21; Art, pages 22-33; Radio-TV, page 34; Philip Gilon's Television, page 35; What's On, pages 36-37; Cinema, page 38; Poster, page 39.

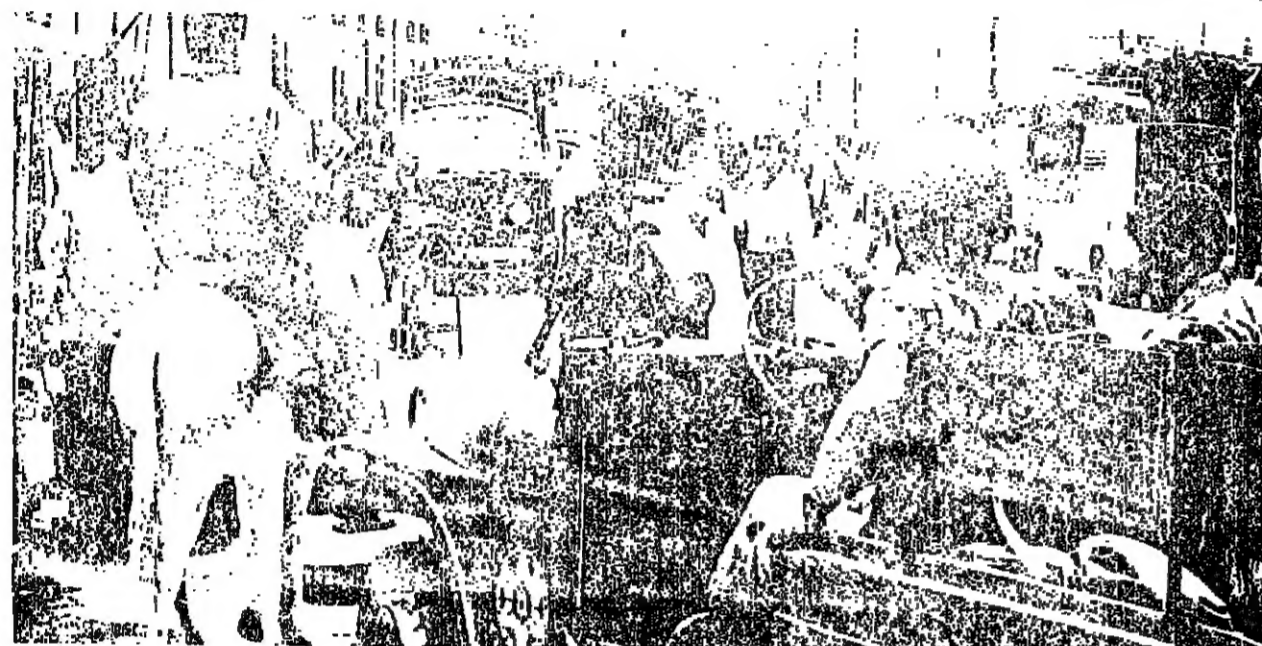
It is, amazingly, already half a decade since the concrete anti-sniper barricade near the foot of Jaffa Road was smashed to the ground, sending a cloud of dust drifting over what had just ceased to be no-man's-land. The dust has not yet settled, nor is it likely to for a long time. Beneath the clouds set up by scores of bulldozers, Jerusalem is changing before the astonished eyes of its residents from a provincial backwater — a quiet town tucked away, gem-like, in the hills — into a burgeoning metropolis of a quarter-million that seems to be suffering from an overdose of pep pills.  
 The horizon — almost any horizon in Jerusalem you care to scan — is punctured by cranes busily adding new rows of houses to the outermost reaches of the city. (Twelve thousand housing starts in the past five years, 15,000 planned for the next five.) Unfinished road-widening projects take on an air of permanency, drivers forgetting after a year or two of maneuvering through the same worked-over stretch what the road looked like when it was narrow but intact.  
 The population of the Capital grew from 286,000 at the end of 1967 to 300,000 at the end of 1971, about 78,000 of them East Jerusalemites. The three per cent annual increase is three times as much as Haifa's in the same period (Tel Aviv's population has declined). The downtown area has become so crowded that pedestrians find it difficult to get a foothold on the sidewalks of Ben Yehuda Street on a busy Friday morning.  
 The city has had to learn to live with mass tourism. Tourists who used to "do" Jerusalem in a bus jaunt from Tel Aviv now prefer to stay over in Jerusalem. Six times as many as before the war do this.  
 The man at the center of all this activity, Mayor Teddy Kollek, paused this week to discuss with reporters the five frenetic years that have passed since the city was united. The meeting took place on Tuesday, and with the drama at Lod Airport holding everyone's attention, the Mayor was not in as reflective a mood as he might have been. He did not attempt to analyse the Municipality's policy in East Jerusalem or measure its achievements. But he reiterated his proposal for a borough system with a considerable measure of self-government within the framework of a united city.  
 Although a similar proposal had brought down the wrath of right-wing politicians on the head of Mr. Kollek's former adviser on East Jerusalem affairs, Meiron Benvenisti, the Mayor said that no Jewish element opposed the proposal in principle. The objections, he said,

were made only on tactical grounds by persons who feared that this might be a step towards returning East Jerusalem to Jordan.  
 Mr. Kollek objected strongly to any efforts by Israeli political parties — including his own Labour Party — to undertake political activity among the Arabs of East Jerusalem. More than 99 per cent of East Jerusalemites retain their Jordanian citizenship and therefore do not vote in Knesset elections. In Israel, he said, Knesset elections and not municipal elections are the focus of all political activity. In addition, no Arab who truly represents any faction would in the present political circumstances stand for election to the Municipal Council.  
 "Anyone elected would be not from the second or third league but the 12th league. He would be somebody who would sit at council meetings and be photographed with a kefiya on his head to show how the Arabs are cooperating. We made this error with the Arabs of Israel after 1948. The intelligentsia was shoved aside and that created Rakah."  
 Touching on the problem of physical planning, which has proved to be one of the most controversial issues in post-Six Day War Jerusalem, Mr. Kollek insisted that a beautiful city was being created. He acknowledged that the beauty was not always evident at a casual glance, but only because major projects are still in the messy construction stage.  
 "The ugliest sight in the city is the slope of Mount Scopus (where the Hebrew University campus is being rebuilt). But when I look at it I see it the way it will look when it's finished in a few year's time."  
 The treatment of the Valley of the Cross, he said, will similarly prove to be an enviable urban solution when it is completed in two or three years, despite the controversy over the roadway cutting through it. A visitor recently complained about lack of greenery, but 13,000 trees planted in the past four years have not yet grown to mature height. "We have to see things in their potential," said the Mayor.  
 Mr. Kollek said he opposed ringing the Old City with hotels. "They should be spread out in Bnyit Vegan, Gilo, Neve Ya'akov and elsewhere." He called for a tourist tax to offset the 11.2m. the Municipality now spends each year on tourist facilities.  
 "We're growing faster than Los Angeles. We should be concerned first with providing accommodation for people born in the city and then for immigrants. We shouldn't be trying to get people from other parts of the country to move here. I'm not trying to compete with Tel Aviv. We should be concerned with quality and content rather than numbers."

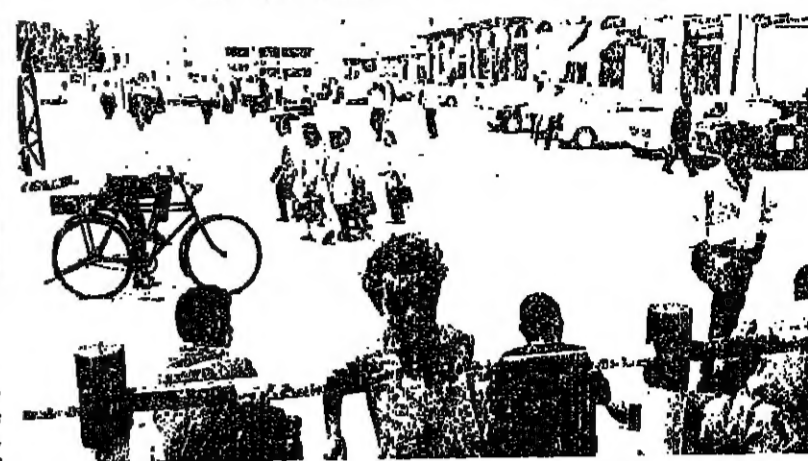


Gaza Mayor Haj Rashad Shawa (above), who took office last September, seven months after Mayor Ragheb el-Alami was dismissed by the military government for "hostile behaviour." At upper left, Military Police check identity card, but not exit permit, at Erez Checkpoint. Soldiers in jeep, at right, patrol busy street in city centre.

When Sanson was eyeless in Gaza, working at the mill with slaves, the only solution he could find for his problems was to destroy the great temple, himself with it. For a long time it seemed that modern Gaza was in as desperate a plight as the ancient hero. Recently, however, although political storms continued unabated, with regard to the future of Gaza, the security position improved so much that Defence Minister Moshe Dayan called off the system of permits accorded for Gazans to cross into Israel. PHILIP GILLON and ANAN SAFADI went down to Gaza this week to discuss the new situation with Mayor HAJ RASHAD SHAWA.



Little sign of tension as soldiers stop to look in shop window, above; crates are loaded on lighters to be taken to ship in Gaza harbour, where Israelis are now building modern port facilities, upper right; children play in Saba Square, until recently a terrorists' favourite spot for grenade ambushes. (Israel Sun-Gloria Salmi (2), Newaphot (11).)



Egyptians, the Jordanians, and the terrorists. It is no small feat to have kept out of an Israeli jail and to have escaped assassination. He laughs heartily. "Yet I manage to sleep well at night," he comments. At first he objected to the new moves to make it easier for Gazans to cross into Israel because they thought they were designed to show the world that they were accepting *de facto* absorption into Israel. But he has modified his view, insofar as he welcomes anything that makes life easier for the people. He also thinks it is important for Israelis and Arabs to get to know each other better. "I hope our approval of the new regulations will not be interpreted by the world as an indication that we want normalization as a step towards our accepting annexation. Good relations, certainly — the only hope of a solution to the problem is good relations between the Israelis and the Palestinians. I can't visualize the Arab countries not endorsing any settlement which the two peoples make. They all those wars and miseries with a row and almost invisible path be- tween the demands of the Israeli authorities, his own people, the answer to the problem."

(Continued from page 4) Gaza could provide a safety valve. Already most of the cement comes to Israel through Gaza. But long-term considerations require that we have our economic ties with the Arab states, rather than Israel. I visualize Gaza industries manufacturing for all the Arab countries: we have a lot of skills here. I can't see us competing with Israel industries for Israel markets. Then our main export is citrus, but life is easier for them than in Arab countries through Jordan. The rest we send to Western Europe, Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia through the Israel Citrus Marketing Board. Where does the refugee problem fit into his proposals for a solution? "A Palestinian state cannot solve the entire problem, but it would go a long way towards solving it, if the refugees were given adequate compensation. I think most of them would be satisfied to remain where they are, if villages were built for them. Between 1948 and 1967, Israel talked and talked about the Arabs doing nothing to settle the refugee problem: now Israel has a chance to tackle it."

How would he develop Gaza? "Gaza could become the main port for the Gaza Strip, the West Bank and Jordan — we could even serve countries as far away as the Persian Gulf. The road from the east, across the mountains to Beirut, is closed for two or three months a year owing to snow." Moshe Dayan has given him the green light to develop the port, has he not? "Israel seems quite keen on the port, but, again, for the welfare of Israel, rather than of the Palestinians. Israel needs an alternative to Haifa and Ashdod, which are closed so often through strikes."

Mayur Shawa has never made any secret of his opinions. A few months ago a terrorist leader, Ziyad Hussein, committed suicide in the Mayor's home, where he had been given sanctuary. Mr. Dayan decided not to hold it against the Mayor. Now that he has criticized so openly the policies of Galili and others, some Israel correspondents have been demanding that he should be muzzled — Dayan reported that the Mayor could say or do anything he liked, as long as he did not involve himself in subversive activity. "When Dayan approved of my taking the job of Mayor, I told him exactly what my views were. I also said that I did not see the function of the Mayor of Gaza as being just to attend to water, sewage, schools and so on; he has to represent the people. Dayan demurred at first, then he agreed. I do my job according to my lights."

It seems to be a family trait. His brother, Rashid Shawa, was Mayor of Gaza during the Sinai Campaign. When the Egyptians returned to the Strip, they humiliated and imprisoned him. A short time later, he died of illness in a London hospital. The opinions which brought all this upon him probably were not very different from those that Rashad Shawa is expressing today.

GAZANS going to Israel no longer need travel permits, so a lone military policeman stood inspecting the identity cards of people crossing the Erez checkpoint, on the northern edge of the Gaza Strip. He waves us on, and we head towards Gaza along a new road running between green orchards. Not far away are two refugee camps, which until recently were infested with the saboteurs active in the region before the security crackdown.

We reach Gaza proper, squeezing our car between local vehicles across the main streets, crowded with shoppers. We spot no other cars with Israeli number plates.

The authorities have not relaxed their vigilance: border policemen stand within shouting distance of each other, jeeps carrying other border police stand at crossroads. Nevertheless, the people seem to go happily enough about their business. Some men move here and there in quick steps, others sit outside shops along the main streets: some women carry their wicker baskets on their heads, others use plastic shopping bags.

In the Municipality, we find Mayor Haj Rashad Shawa — a tall, broadshouldered, striking-looking man who talks impeccable English — in a good mood, because he sees some grains of hope in the latest statement made in the Knesset by Minister without Portfolio Israel Galili.

"This statement was a little more sensible, a little less wild, than his original statement," declares the Mayor hopefully. "He pointed out that there has been no decision by the Israel Government to annex the Gaza Strip. This new announcement leaves the road open to bargaining. Israel wants to put pressure on the Arabs, but this is quite different from outright annexation, or saying that the Gaza Strip is as Jewish as Tel Aviv."

## Eyes open in Gaza

"Naturally our views — the views of myself and the inhabitants of the Gaza Strip — have not changed one iota. We oppose any idea of annexation. Gaza is our homeland, an Arab homeland. We realize that it is out of the question to consider resistance to Israel by force — all resistance is crushed by the authorities," Haj Shawa stresses. "But we intend to use every proper and legal means to make our views known to the world. We want self-determination, and we believe that in the long run, world public opinion will help us achieve it. Israel can't just annex the Strip against the wish of its inhabitants."

If Israel should decide unilaterally on annexation of the Gaza Strip, or some status very similar to annexation, does he think public opinion will help the Gazans prevent such a decision being put into effect? "Israel is now in power, and she has the strength even to throw the inhabitants out of the area if she decides to do so," the Mayor says.

### Palestinians

He emphasizes that Israel should concentrate on establishing grounds for a settlement with the Palestinians. "If she does not promote a settlement the conflicts will drag on for years — dozens of years, scores of years, even hundreds of years — with Israel under arms all the time. You can run a police state, 10, 20, 30 years

— but then, I don't know, can you do it forever? Do Israelis want their children, their grand-children, and great-grandchildren, to remain under arms?"

"Israel should try to gain the friendship of the Palestinians. I am firmly convinced, despite all the bitterness, that most Israelis want peace. Getting the friendship of the Palestinians is a more important way of gaining peace than all the secure borders in the world. You can't make friends by force; you do it through mutual respect between two nations."

We note that he is talking all the time about two nations, the Israelis and the Palestinians. Does this mean that he sees the quarrel as really between them, not between Israel and all the Arabs?

"Fundamentally, the issue is between Israelis and Palestinians. When the Palestinians could not stand up against the Israelis, the Zionists and their friends, they turned for help to other Arabs. Incidentally, one of the bad results of what happened was that the Arab states were pushed into the arms of Soviet Russia. We Arabs are really much closer to the West."

What solution is he suggesting — returning the Gaza Strip to Egypt, which held it from 1948 to 1967?

"The Gaza Strip is not part of Egypt. The Egyptians never claimed that it was. It is not part of the Egyptian mainland. But, of course, annexation by Israel would be worse than return to Egypt."

If he could have his own way, what solution would he find for the problem?

"As I have said, the first thing to aim at is peace between the Israelis and the Palestinians. This could be achieved by setting up a state in which the West Bank and the Gaza Strip would form a unit. But not on the basis suggested by Ailon, with Israel settlements spread throughout the Palestinians' state — that would mean being controlled by Israel. We might have a confederation with Jordan."

What about federation with Israel?

"It is too early to discuss this."

But how will Jordan and the Gaza Strip form a geographical unit without Israel being firmly in the picture, since there is no land link between the Strip and Jordan?

"I think Israel should surrender sufficient territory to give us a strip linking Gaza to the West Bank."

### Hussein plan

His proposal has certain elements of King Hussein's plan, except that he is not proposing that the Palestinian State should be subject to the King.

"I agree with his plan in principle, but of course with reservations. The Palestinians cannot be second-class citizens, as they obviously were in the past. His plan should be closely studied as a possible basis for a new approach. Decisions about it should be

made by means of a referendum on the West Bank and in the Strip."

How about relations between the Gazans and Arabs in other states?

"As I said, the Arabs only came into the picture when they took to help us gain our independence. Between '48 and '67 Gaza couldn't go into Egypt without visas. They couldn't settle there. After Israel expelled a lot of people in June, 1967, they were allowed to settle in Egypt; some got back under the Reunion of Families Plan. We have many of them with Arab countries; there is not one person in Gaza who does not have relations in Kuwait, Jordan, Egypt, Lebanon. No fewer than 10,000 Gazans are students abroad, half of them in Egypt — Egypt gives them free education."

Since 1967, many people from Gaza have been crossing to work in Israel. Are not close economic ties developing with Israel? Is the Strip becoming prosperous as workers bring home their earnings?

"I am not sure that it is a true prosperity, or that in the long run it will prove to be good for us. The future may prove that it would have been better for us to develop through contacts with other Arab lands. According to the Government, 20,000 workers cross into Israel through the labour exchange; I estimate that a further 20,000 work in Israel without going through the exchange. But, unfortunately, as we see things here, Israel is only using the Gazans as a source of cheap power. The moment there is an economic slowdown in Israel, the first workers to be dismissed are the Arabs. So there can be no true prosperity based on the wages of the labourers going to Israel. We should develop our own

(Continued on page 5)

## IMMIGRANTS TEMPORARY & RETURNING RESIDENTS DIPLOMATS

Concentrate your duty free purchases in one place

### LESHERUT HAOLEH LTD.

ONLY THE BEST INTERNATIONAL AND LOCAL MAKES OFFERED. SPECIAL DEPARTMENT FOR FURNITURE, CURTAINS AND RUGS. GUARANTEE AND AFTER-SALES SERVICE ON ALL APPLIANCES. MAIN OFFICE IN EL AL BUILDING, 4TH FLOOR. OPEN DAILY 8.30 A.M.-6.30 P.M. (FRIDAY 8 A.M.-1.30 P.M.)

FOR THE CONVENIENCE OF CUSTOMERS

- BRANCH & SHOWROOM IN TEL AVIV: 115 ALLENBY ROAD, TEL. 61966
- BRANCH IN BEKUSHEBA: UNICO PASSAGE

## LESHERUT HAOLEH LTD.

TEL AVIV, EL-AL BUILDING, 32 BEN YEHUDA ST., SUITE 433 P.O.B. 26201, TEL. 52720 / 52776

REMEMBER! OUR MAIN OFFICE IS ON THE 4TH FLOOR, SUITE 433 EL AL BUILDING, TEL AVIV

Handwritten text at the bottom right of the page.



Mrs. Meir listens as Mr. Maurer makes a point. Media Miller

The drama of the Italian report and someone this week overhauled much of the burgeoning speculation about Prime Minister's Meir's visit to Rumania. Diplomatic correspondent DAVID LANDAU sums up what happened in Bucharest.

**"ARRAYNGEZOCT!"** This was how a man in-the-know described Premier Meir's 12 hours of talks with Rumania's top political leaders, President Nicolae Ceausescu and Prime Minister Ion Gheorghe Maurer.

*Arrayngezoct* is one of those untranslatable Yiddish expressions: roughly rendered, it means letting somebody know exactly what you think, making your point forcefully, not cushioning your verbal blows in woolly wordery. This is, of course, Mrs. Meir's natural style, especially when speaking English — almost her mother-tongue — as she did in Rumania.

A similar hint as to the tenor of the talks came from Yohanan Cohen, the head of the Foreign Ministry's Eastern Europe section, who accompanied the Prime Minister to Rumania. The Rumanians, said Mr. Cohen, did not accept Israel's position on "secure borders" — but Messrs. Ceausescu and Maurer had certainly acquired a "much fuller understanding" of that position after their talks with the Prime Minister.

RUMANIA'S motivation is perhaps the most interesting aspect in analyzing the episode Rumania's foreign policy has provided grist for the mills of political pundits for some time. Few governments pursue a more daring or intriguing statecraft. At home the rulers of Rumania are quite as absolutist as the Russians and other Soviet bloc regimes. But abroad, they insist on their independence from the Kremlin, maintaining and fostering their relations with China and America as well as with Russia, and with Israel as well as with the Soviet clients in the Middle East.

**Demonstration**

The invitation to Mrs. Meir and President Ceausescu's visit to Cairo which preceded it were a demonstrative expression of Rumania's independence (experts in Jerusalem discount the theory that the Russians were behind the initiative) and at the same time a striking exercise in world-wide "even-handed" diplomacy.

If the experts are right in assuming that the Rumanian initiative was not Soviet-inspired — and their view seems borne out by the fact that the Russian news media first mentioned Mrs. Meir's trip only this week — then the Rumanians were cocking a snoot at Moscow — and by the same token ingratiating themselves with Peking. (The principle being that any Communist state which fails to toe the Moscow line is automatically playing up to Peking.) This was doubtless another consideration weighing on Rumania when it took the initiative.

Apart from the Soviets and China, there were two other targets whom Mr. Ceausescu and Mr. Maurer were seeking to impress with their statesmanship and standing on the international stage: the U.S. Government, and

their own public at home. Despite the numerous American newsmen covering the Goida visit, the worsening Vietnam situation kept it largely out of the headlines in America. Nevertheless, there is no doubt that the Administration duly noted the diplomatic coup which Ceausescu pulled off, and Rumania's prestige and importance duly rose in Washington's estimation.

Nor is Rumania's aim here confined to recognition or prestige. The Rumanians would like the U.S. to treat them as it treats the other "independent" in the Eastern bloc, Yugoslavia. The treatment in the case of Yugoslavia translates into millions of dollars of aid and technical assistance.

In the Middle East itself, Rumania's aim is almost naively simple: to help promote peace and prevent war. Peace would mean, the Rumanians hope, a reduction in Soviet military penetration of the region which is a source of acute discomfort to them, both strategically and politically. The stronger Soviet imperialism becomes, the weaker the Rumanians feel themselves.

When Deputy Foreign Minister Maovescu arrived with the invitation, there could be no question of refusing it. The "go anywhere, meet anyone" policy was being put to the test. If Israel believed she had a case to state — she must go to Bucharest and state it. Again, Israel had always promised to be "a good listener" when the time came. President Ceausescu had just returned from Cairo and he wanted to talk about it: Mrs. Meir must go and listen.

There were important positive considerations too. Even granted Rumania's "special" position, a visit by Mrs. Meir to Bucharest would be the first ever of an Israeli premier to a Communist state. And the flourishing relations of trade and cooperation with Israel's sole "window to the East" must be fostered and strengthened.

THERE were few illusions in Jerusalem when Mrs. Meir left. Press speculation of meetings having been arranged with Arab, Russian or even Chinese politicians was treated as no more than speculation. And whatever Sadat had said to Ceausescu, he had obviously not given him a carte blanche to negotiate on his behalf.

**Rumanian position**

The Rumanian Government's own position on the Middle East which fails to toe the Moscow line is automatically playing up to Peking. This was doubtless another consideration weighing on Rumania when it took the initiative.

Apart from the Soviets and China, there were two other targets whom Mr. Ceausescu and Mr. Maurer were seeking to impress with their statesmanship and standing on the international stage: the U.S. Government, and

and Bessarabia which rightfully belong to them (the areas changed hands repeatedly in recent history). They conduct an ongoing but one-sided dialogue with the Soviet Union for the return of these lands (the Russians simply ignore them). If the Israelis could be persuaded to withdraw from Arab territories — in return for suitable guarantees of their security — this would be a valuable precedent of "non-annexation" to be used in the argument with the Russians. But whether the Israelis can be persuaded to do this, the Rumanians for their part must continue to oppose annexation — for consistency's sake at least.

On the other hand, the Rumanians have always staunchly supported the need for negotiations between the parties to a dispute; they are solidly against imposed solutions by the great powers. This, of course, is the central plank of Israel's platform, though here too Rumania is motivated by her own self-interest. If the world is to be managed by the great powers, then there will be no room for free-thinking little powers like Rumania. Hence the chorused assertion that small nations must control their own fates. Hence too Rumania's persistent efforts to form some sort of union of Baltic states, wherein the small powers of that area could work out their own regional problems.

**Effect unknown**

This was the kind of straight talking to which Premier Meir treated her Rumanian hosts. Its effect on them remains unknown. Formally and publicly at least, they professed to be unmoved: at the dinner in honour of Mrs. Meir Prime Minister Maurer reiterated Rumania's established line on the Middle East — stressing the need for full withdrawal under Resolution 242. And though the joint communiqué issued after the visit made no mention of such specifics (precisely because the gulf in outlook remained), Rumanian radio was quick to broadcast its "commentary" on the document which stated the same Rumanian position once more.

But, of course, what the Rumanians say publicly proves nothing at all. They may well have shifted their true position, moved by Mrs. Meir's persuasion. What they report back to President Ceausescu is one thing; what they may well try to make him see is another. At any event, they have been convinced of Israel's determination — twelve hours of Golda Meir's "arrayngezoct" have ensured that much.

**JERUSALEM CORNER**  
 Advertisements for the Jerusalem Corner, located at Rehov Haheshkol, Mahanei Yehuda, Jerusalem.

**GASSNER GARAGE LTD.**  
 Tel. 523221/2  
 Authorized agents and service for PEUGEOT  
 Romema Industrial Centre, Jerusalem.

**PAGODA CHINESE RESTAURANT**  
 Chinese delicacies • Expert cooks from Hongkong • Hall for parties and conventions • Background music  
 At your service 7 days a week  
 12 noon-3:30 p.m. and 7-11 p.m. Parking  
 Jerusalem, 31 Rehov Hillel, Tel. 25911

**HAYIM GOLDIN LTD.**  
 7 REHOV SILLOMZION HAMALANA  
 TEL. 22231, JERUSALEM

**Ta'san air coolers**  
 for ventilation — cooling — air conditioning  
 Suitable for:  
 Business — cinemas — public halls  
 shops — restaurants — penthouses etc.  
 Each Ta'san air cooler is accompanied by a guarantee and a service certificate.  
 Solo agent in Jerusalem:  
 GILADI, 8 Rehov Rivlin, Tel. 327088

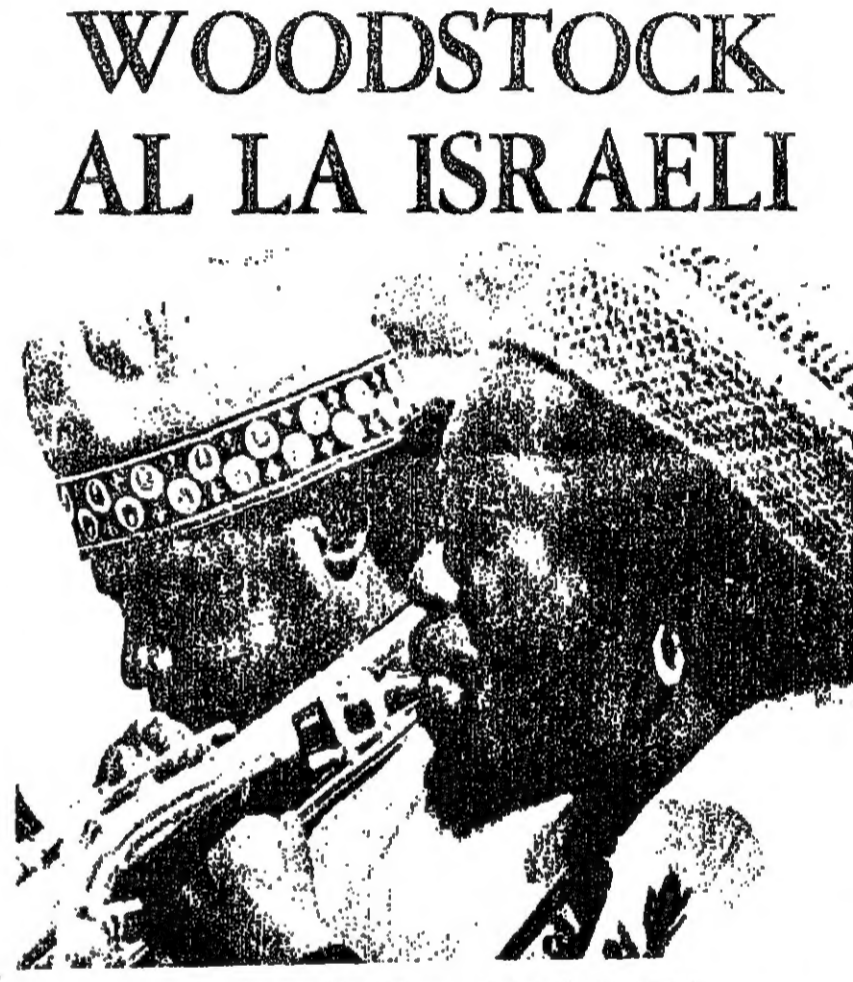
**ALPINE** WHOLLY VEGETARIAN SPECIALITIES  
 25 King George St., Tel. 226528

**Chen Wallpapers** D. Maksim  
 Specialiste de Paris  
 • Wallpapers • P.V.S. • Decoration  
 Washable plastic-covered paper, 1L15 sqm.  
 4 Rehov Haeshkol, Mahanei Yehuda, Jerusalem  
 Opposite Kahamu Restaurant

**TARSHISH**  
 The Gates of the Holy City will really open before you when you visit the Tarshish shop for fine jewellery and Antiques.  
 18 Rehov King David, Jerusalem, Israel.



Crowd gives a standing ovation for performers, who included Arik Einstein and Yehoram Gaon.



Soft drinks replaced soft drugs at the Israeli version of the Woodstock rock festival on Tuesday, when more than 5,000 young people abandoned the campus of the Hebrew University to idyll away their annual Student Day at Ein Feshka. Students soaked up the sun, and the sounds of a wide variety of artists from Israel and abroad. Stars of the show were a 23-member troupe of Black Hebrews from Dimona, who blew a deeper blue than the waters of the nearby Dead Sea.



Too nice a day for politics, so anti-police signs are discarded.



Putting all she's got into her song, and playing her autoharp.



Object of intense interest is Henry Miller book.

Yours from the Degey laboratories  
 No more peeling potatoes! No more  
 slicing into chips! Made from  
 choice grade A select potatoes.  
 Only 4 minutes from fridge to table!  
 Heat in oven or fry until golden-brown.  
 A quality product of  
 Tapud Ltd., Shaar Hanegov.  
 Available at self-service stores.



TAPUGAN — QUICK-FROZEN FRIED CHIPS YOU CAN REALLY ENJOY!



TAKING advantage of the fact that both the wife and myself were abroad, the Truva Dairy Company took a diabolical step intended to undermine our happy marriage. The plot became apparent in all its deviousness on the first night after our return, when the little one raised me from my deepest slumber:

"Get up," she shook me, "come down to the kitchen!" I followed her blindly, my eyes glued together by sleep. Our trustworthy old electric refrigerator stood there in its corner quite helpless, and from under its door there oozed a stream of pasteurized milk. The little one opened the door wide and showed me the latest invention of the Nutrition Department, the milk bag introduced to replace the bottle which had failed so dismally for the past 2,000 years.

"What was wrong with bottles?" the woman shrieked. "For these bags they will have to redesign the refrigerator..."

Disregarding my openly displayed lethargy, the little one proceeded to give me a demonstration of what she had in mind. She placed a number of bags upright. They maintained that pose for a few seconds only, then collapsed like a boxer who had just absorbed a right hook to his jaw and — plach — spread out on the sheet. One of them, a bulgingly fat fellow, started dripping briskly from its side. Milk will out, as the Bard said. And all this at dead of night.

"Excess liquidity," I declared with closed eyes. "I'll see Sanbar about it in the morning."

\* \* \*

NEXT day, at 8 p.m., I was watching the Vietnam war on Mabat. The Southern army is routed. Ching Po in flames. "Another one has blown up."

The woman displays another limp bag, dangling on her finger. Her eyes are blazing.

"If you cut a wide opening, it's a cataract," she hisses. "If the opening is narrow, it takes an hour to fill a glass. And all the cream sticks to

the plastic on top. Didn't you notice that there is no cream whatsoever in the milk you drink?"

"No," I admitted, "but from now on I watch out for it."

U.S. bombers are taking off on the screen. Russia warns Nixon.

"Its colour also runs," the wife discloses. "Come!"

We go back to the kitchen. Our refrigerator seems to be celebrating French Week. The white shelves are besmeared in alternately blue and red colours.

"The lettering peels off remarkably," thus the wife, "and as for the jug, it's a real catastrophe..."

What happens is this: the refrigerated bag is always wet on the outside, because of the cruel laws of physics, and at the bottom of the jug, the

# IN THE BAG

By EPHRAIM KISHON



only device which keeps the bag in a reasonable position, there quickly accumulates a small puddle which drips into the glass together with the milk. And all this in a country headed by a woman!

"You thought you were drinking milk, did you?" the wife jeered. "What you are drinking my dear, is pasteurized water."

"O.K." I lowered my tired eyes. "I'll switch to tea."

\* \* \*

ADMITTEDLY I am somewhat indifferent to bag problems. But the little one is burning up with hatred. She hates Truva, the Jug, Dr. Fatur, milk, and the Mafia. It's practically paranoia. Indeed the situation is difficult. We have a single pair of beat-up

scissors in our house, and my son Amir always takes them for cutting up wrappers for his thousands of copybooks. That evening I chewed a small aperture into a bag, using only my bared fangs. Then I wiped the floor, and by the time the wife returned home, I had changed my clothes and was all smiles and in an excellent mood. Sometimes we saw off the top of the bag with a sharp kitchen-knife and that is something awful. "This pasteurized bag," the wife curses "costs exactly 32 or 64 agora I don't know which; in other words you've got to buy five if you don't want to fill your pocket with small change. The crooks! We always paid our milkman a good round sum and he never returned any change! We simply didn't know how good we had it."

The little one then related how one of her friends, a die-hard bottle-lover, a few days ago had inadvertently stepped on a wet bag lying on the kitchen floor and had broken her ankle in two places. Her husband had rung up the hospital almost incoherent with alarm. "Hello," the man shouted, "my wife slipped on some thing. Send an ambulance!" "O.K." the hospital replied, "but next time put the bag in the fridge!"

Wise guys. On Wednesday I was again awakened at crack of dawn. The little one was standing in front of the open refrigerator, her eyes burning with insane fury.

"Attention!" she roared at the miserable creatures. "Stand up!"

They were lying on their sides, trembling. I dragged the raving woman to the window. The sky was glowing red with reflected bonfires. It was two days after Lag Ba Omer, Foca Hirsch night.

"Those were the days," the wife's glance swept the horizon when it was the milkman who awakened you at 6 a.m. and not the commandos...

floating at ceiling height there appeared the saintly figure of the Hebrew milkman, a halo around his head, his wings beating slowly. I went down to the basement to catch a nap. In the meantime, the little one dragged home from the grocer's a whole basketful of bags, and poured the milk into the seven bottles, survivors of the holocaust, which she had saved obstinately. She even topped them with aluminium foil, like in the good old days. And ever since she spends her mornings filling bottles, and our kitchen reminds me of the kibbutz cowshed and the future casts its ominous shadow on us. Unless Truva returns shortly to the bottle regime, I am afraid I'll collapse with a deafening bang.

(Translated by Yochanan Goldman, by arrangement with Ma'ariv.)

## POTTER'S WHEEL CAMP

Baptist Village — Central Sharon near Petah Tikva

- |                      |                  |
|----------------------|------------------|
| Term I. Ages 8-10    | July 3-7         |
| Term II. Ages 11-13  | July 9-14        |
| Term III. Ages 11-13 | July 16-21       |
| Term IV. Ages 14-19  | July 26-August 4 |

Particulars and registration: Potter's Wheel Camp, Tel. (03) 911965, mornings  
 Limited number of places.

Qualified instructors — Playgrounds — Lawns — Wooded-area — Hikes — Swimming pool (swimming lessons) — Handicraft — Music and drama.

# ARZIV

Summer 1972

## REGISTRATION HAS STARTED!



94 KEREN KAYEMET BRD. T.A.TEL.239884-239393

## CLUB MEDITERRANEE

Handwritten text in Arabic script at the bottom right corner of the page.

# ALEX'S RESTAURANT

## FONTAINEBLEAU

by NAVA PERL

**IT'S NAME HAS A FRENCH SOUND TO IT.**  
And a French history, too.

But, other than that, every bit of it is Tel Avivian, and it's rather young, too. Approximately 9 years old. Founded on the old memories of a drapery shop, it was named after a swanky hotel in Florida, in the South-Eastern part of the United States. "Fontainebleau." As simple as that. And, as simple as that, in Rehov Dizengoff, in the North-Western part of Tel Aviv, a drapery shop had become something else. An exclusive restaurant, with lots of glamour and glitter and style, for people who liked glamour and glitter and style. And good food. And good drinks. And pastry. All kinds of pastry. "Fontainebleau."

But, to Alex, it is even younger than that. To Alex it is only 9 months old. It was that long ago that he took it over, and tuned it some — like he does to his guitar; and tried it some — like he does with his music; and changed

is different, too. More flexible, I should say.

"More flexible," what does it mean, Alex?

"It means," says Alex, "that now, a guy can take his girl out to 'Fontainebleau' (attention, attention all ye guys!),

mirror which reflects much love on all those who look in it — including the fresh flowers in their colourful vases; and a red, wall-to-wall carpet, humbly responding to the waiters' (7 in all) elegant footsteps, and to their "yes-please" whispers. And lamps, with stylishly striped shades matching the stylishly striped seat upholstery; and table sets — each food with its own original set; each drink with the right kind of glass, or cup.

And Alex, whose gypsy wanderings around the world — between Turkey and Alaska, and from Denmark to Japan — have taught him what's best for people of good class, who want a good time.

And, Alex, too, is something different than what one might expect of a restaurant — pardon, restaurant-cafe! — owner.

One might expect a guy with a southern past of pots and pans, who had recently climbed up north, to a present of a big balding head, a big



"With his wife Divra and baby-boy Ariel, and the guitar... It is something else, indeed."

Toriani (foreign grown), Yoram Gaon, Arik Einstein and Hava Albertstein (home grown).

And, now, his music is in "Fontainebleau." Here, he has a wide range of light meals, main courses and various delicacies to improvise with. Here, he concocts every now and then new, exciting compositions, always keeping a close ear on the consistency of the melodic line — that is, good taste.

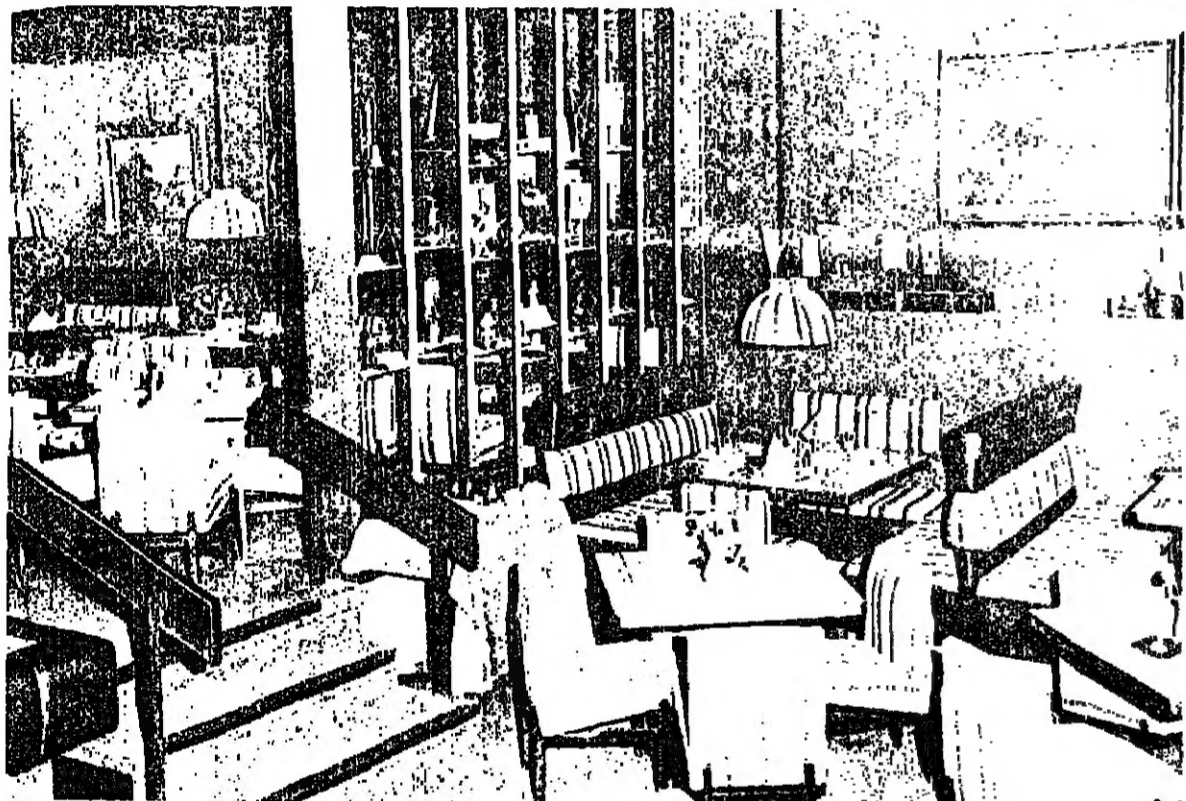
His current studio is the modern kitchen of "Fontainebleau" rebuilt and renovated according to Alex's own design — shining and glimmering with the dominance of stainless steel. Fourteen freezing units carry there a praising hymn to soups and gravies and spreads and meats, to drinks and beverages and ice-creams. All kinds of. Gigantic ovens, grills and cookers hum there

an endless song of warmth and glow to the sparkling pots, while all the gas stoves harmonize with joy and happiness under the presence of the famous "Fontainebleau" hor-d'oeuvres.

"This is a true 'melting pot' for Israel's who's-who and what-nots, who come here to enjoy the 'real thing'; artists, businessmen (who come for executive meals, for special prices), stage people and public officials, young couples and mothers, who come for a 10-o'clock cup of tea or coffee, and pastry (home-made only, if you please).

Soon, the curtain will go up on the entire culinary performance. And that's when the young conductor will speak out, to meet his wife Divra, and his baby-boy Ariel, and the guitar.

And that, of course, is something else indeed.



"And a private little table facing a mirror which reflects much love on all those who look in it."

it some — like he does with his harmonies. And, now, it is something else again. No longer an exclusive restaurant, but rather, a restaurant-cafe. "Fontainebleau." On Rehov Dizengoff. Under the very nose of "Armon-David," which, too, is about to become something else. And at a distance of just one piece of apple strudel from the famous "Stern" — to which it is also related family-wise. "Fontainebleau."

A restaurant-cafe it is, then. And it is Alex's. And what does it all mean?

"It means," says Alex, Alex Kerten, that is, "that the fine taste and high style are still there, but without the undue excess of, say, a chef imported from overseas. And the scene

and feel like a king on just a cup of coffee of any kind, or tea of any place (like China, Ceylon, India or England), and cake — home-made only, if you please; he may have lunch or dinner of a modest Cannetoni order, or Spaghetti, and have a wonderful time at the restaurant-cafe."

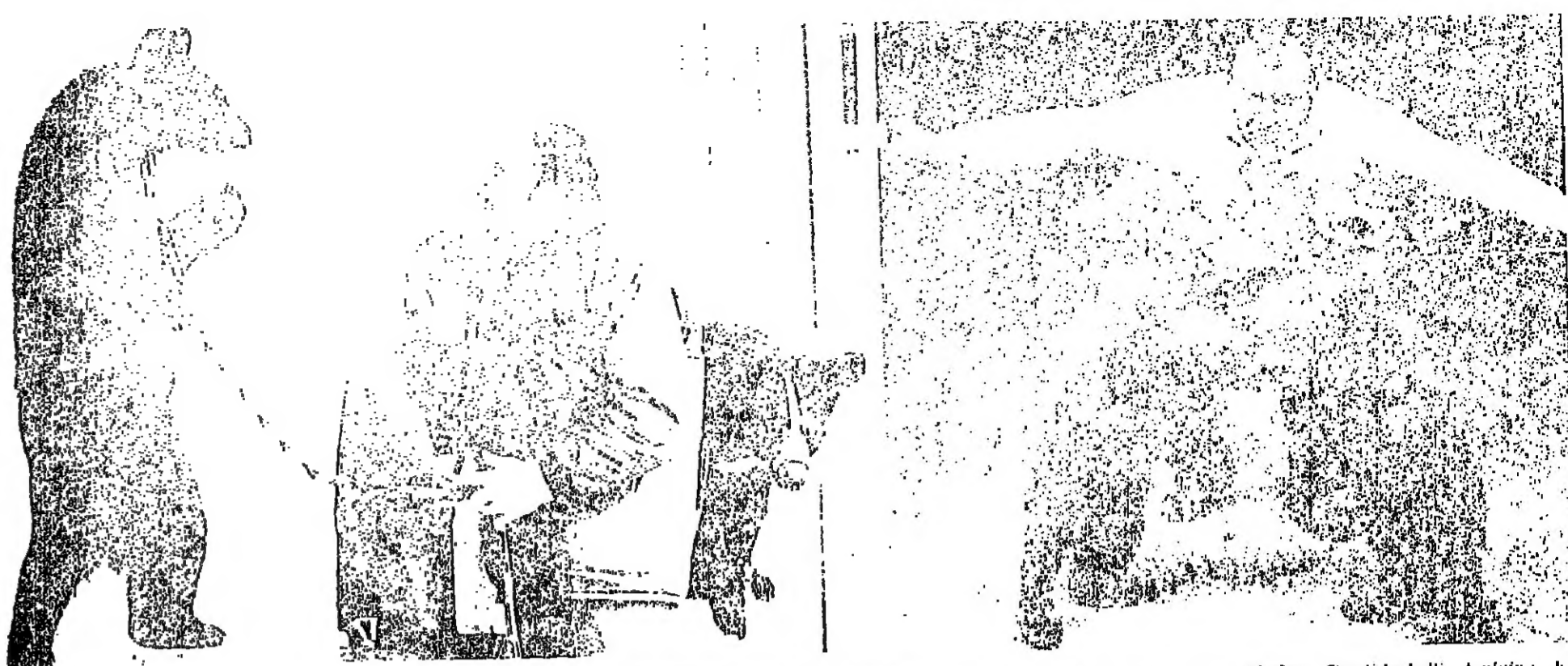
Getting nothing more?

"What do you mean 'nothing more'?" says Alex. "Getting a lot more. Just as if he ordered Filet Mignon avec Chasseur. He'll get wonderful service, warm atmosphere and a worldly gastronomic pleasure, for a non-astronomical price." And a romantic little bar, with the sound of soft music, politely integrated into the sounds of forks and spoons; and a private little table, facing a

belly, and a big bank account. A bank account, he may, indeed, be hiding somewhere. But, nowhere under his short-cropped boyish hair, can one detect the slightest sign of baldness; which brings us right to the belly: it is hopelessly missing in those pencil-thin pants he wears, which can hardly contain all of his 27 years or so — of which not a one was spent around pots and pans. Songs, are much more like it. For, Alex Kerten, a Sabra of Czech descent, who grew up on a very rich diet of bass and guitar music (papa Kerten is bassist of the Israeli Chamber Ensemble), had the pleasure of accompanying some of the famous radio and stage voices, including: Harry Belafonte, Rita Pavone, Vicki



"The modern kitchen of 'Fontainebleau'... shining and glimmering with the dominance of stainless steel."



Shalva Tavdidashvili has barely learned Hebrew during his five months in Israel. Most of the time the former animal trainer for the Moscow State Circus is preoccupied with his dream of establishing a circus in Israel. He outlined his plans to Robert Gary.

## A three-ring dream

IMMIGRANTS come to Israel with many different dreams. But few arrive with the dream of Shalva Tavdidashvili, lately of Moscow and Tbilisi.

"I'm going to set up a circus, a first-rate circus of international repute, an Israeli State Circus with a dozen different variety acts: clowns, acrobats, animals, everything, even better than we had at the Russian State Circus, and that's the best in the world."

He knows that others before him have tried and failed. "But believe me, the Tel Aviv Cinerama is going to have its circus!"

And as he paces about his modest but comfortably furnished room at the Beit Brodetsky Absorption Centre in Ramat Aviv, socially and logically outlining his plans in a jumble of broken Hebrew, broken English and broken German, his confidence proves infectious; you are convinced that the dream will be fulfilled. For Tavdidashvili is not only a Jew from Georgia; he is also a professional animal trainer. He combines two unconquerable qualities: the obstinate persistence of the Georgians and the endless patience of the trainer of wild animals.

"The basic ingredient for success of the circus, or anything else for that matter, is professionalism. And you only achieve that by work, discipline and more work. We also need some money equipment. Yes, the Jewish Agency is helping a little, but one always has the feeling that the Israelis aren't really interested in animals." And culture, to him, means the circus.

### Varied talents

The 46-year-old Tavdidashvili told his widowed mother at the age of four that he planned to become a watch repairman, auto mechanic, athlete and actor.

"And I did just that," he says. He also became an outstanding water polo player, winning the Soviet title of Master of Sports. He even had time to become an accomplished ballroom dancer.

"This was actually very revolutionary in pre-World War II Soviet Georgia," he remarks with a laugh. "Salon dancing was considered immoral, but I couldn't overcome my passion for music, movement — and women, of course."

He later attended the local dramatic studio. "I acted a little on the stage, appeared briefly in five films, but didn't feel I was moving ahead fast enough," he notes. Twenty-three years ago he decided to enter the world of the circus. He moved to Moscow and studied under two of the world's most prominent animal trainers, Vladimir Durov and Valentin Filatov.

How does one train animals? "Lots of patience, lots of firmness and some talent." He specialized in the training of bears and dogs. "The bears should be three to four months old when you start to train them. They are smart and with the right teacher can pick up a number of tricks in a few months: bicycling, dancing and pushing a baby carriage."

While acquiring the art of training animals, he was also appearing in various roles as a clown and Master of Ceremonies. He later developed into a director and instructor of aspiring animal trainers.

"It was a very good life," observes Tavdidashvili without any hint of nostalgia. "A three-room apartment in Moscow, a Mercedes Kiev, and two cars: a Mercedes and a Volga. Best of all was the constant travelling — all over the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe, of course, but also throughout Western Europe, North and South America, as well as the Far East."

During his travels Tavdidashvili acquired a wife. "A Jewish girl from Riga, which proves, I guess, that despite my running and playing around, I was never very far from my traditional Jewish upbringing." But he found it impossible to settle down. They were divorced 12 years ago after having two children, who were to prove one of the chief reasons for their father's decision to immigrate to Israel.



Statue of bears has prominent place in Tavdidashvili's room at Beit Brodetsky Absorption Centre.

Did he suffer from anti-Semitism in Russia. I applied for a permit to Israel. The K.G.B. So many of the people in the arts are Jewish, although many of the bureaucrats are not." But to be on the safe side, he registered for his passport as a Georgian, not as a Jew. "We all know that the Russian was, in enough savings and things to sell and always will be anti-Semitic." I was even able to help other Jews who didn't have enough money to pay for all their travel to take any chance that I'd be prevented from travelling because of my Jewish nationality."

Just over a year ago his former wife informed him that she and the children wished to immigrate to Israel. He says that the same thought had already crossed his mind. He agreed that they go. A few months after they had departed, he was supposed to leave with the circus for a trip to Western Europe. For the first time, he was refused an exit visa. He says he learned that the authorities feared he might take "unauthorized leave" while abroad so as to join his children.

"I frankly don't know whether or not I would have done it, probably not. But it made me decide that I no longer had a first steps to set up the circus."

He is going shortly to St. Gallen, Switzerland, where, he says, bears are raised for circuses throughout the world. "I need four bears for three acts, which should be ready after about three or four months of training. I'll teach them to play ice hockey like I did in Russia. And I'll have two teams of dogs playing football." The five partners estimate that IL200,000 is needed to set up the circus. But for Tavdidashvili it is only the beginning.

### Looking ahead

Tavdidashvili has already begun to implement his plans, although, like most people in show business, he prefers to keep the details a secret until the right moment. Every day at the circus, he is planning writing scenarios for my trained bears, instead of concentrating on my Hebrew. I must get back to work."

He and three fellow-immigrants from Russia, together with an Israeli impresario, are taking the first steps to set up the circus. Tavdi, a name to remember.

Shalva Tavdidashvili training his bears in Moscow. Starting with very young adults, three or four months old, he teaches them to ride bicycles, dance and push a baby carriage in a few weeks.

הכרזת הצול

הכרזת הצול

# Palefaces ravaged the red man's land

**HISTORY**, which for the most part has been written about in retrospect, has the undeniable advantage of being infinitely pliable when it is being interpreted. Such a fact has not gone unnoticed by rulers or governments throughout the ages, and the burning of books has its precedent, though limited, group of believers. To others, somewhat less extreme in outlook, history and the writing that it provokes just tends to make for an overall confusion. What it's all about seems to depend more on where you are standing at the time than anything "objective" that can be said about it. In recent years, however, the conflicts underlying historical interpretation have taken on a new dimension. What it's all about has become interwoven with "Who am I?" For the third world, Black Americans, and now the Red Indians, self-identity and the truth about their national history are inseparable.

"I Have Spoken" is one of the new writings connected with this search for truth. Or, to be more exact, it is its approach that is new since in itself it is a compilation stretching back to 1809. The aim is to present American Indian history as understood by the Indians themselves. This presents one great difficulty, in that Indian tradition, education and culture were passed on orally, and therefore almost all the speeches in this book come to us secondhand. Explorers, soldiers, priests and government agents are the intermediaries between ourselves and the Indians, who spoke no many centuries ago, and it is largely from their diaries and writings that the speeches in this book are taken. Bearing this limitation in mind, however, what is presented to us is an extraordinary wealth of material. Indian oral art is poetic art, and one's impression is of a people who drew their strength and indomitable endurance from a unique relationship with the natural world. For example, there is this quotation from the Iroquois Constitution, 1720...

"The Onondaga lords shall open each council by expressing their gratitude to their cousin, the sun, and greeting them, and they shall make an address and offer thanks to the earth where men dwell, to the streams of water, the pools, the springs, the lakes, to the maize and the fruits, to the medicinal herbs and the trees, to the forest trees for their usefulness, to the animals that serve as food and who offer their pelts as clothing, to the great winds and the lesser winds... to the messengers of the Great Spirit who dwell in the skies above, who give all things useful to men, who is the source and the ruler of health and life." The inner pattern of this book

**I HAVE SPOKEN**, American History through the Voices of the Indians, compiled by Virginia I. Armstrong. Chicago, Sage Books, Swallow Press. 206 pp. \$8.00.

Reviewed by Betty Shortt

traces the relationship between Indians and white people from the turn of the 17th century to the present day. It begins with a description by the explorer Henry Hudson of the friendly hospitality he received from the Indians that he met:

**Peaceful gesture**  
"The natives were good people, for when they saw I would not remain, they supposed I was afraid of their bows and arrows, and taking the arrows they broke them into pieces and threw them into the fire."

Ironically, in the same year, 1609, John Smith reports a speech by Powhatan, the Indian leader, which begins:

"Why will you take by force what you may obtain by love? Why will you destroy us who supply you with food? What can you get by war?"

Betrayal of trust and disbelief that white men really mean to act as they do are echoed over and over again in the early speeches. The gradual understanding that they are being used in the war between England and France is followed by the realization that the tribes are deliberately being set against each other. Disbelief is rapidly followed by anger and then by war. In the end, it all adds up to enforced settlement on the reservations.

Land is at the base of it all, and of this the Indian is very aware: "On this land there is a great deal of timber pine and oak, which are of much use to the white man. They send it to foreign countries and it brings them a great deal of money... but we are told that our lands are of no service to us."

On the lighter side, "I Have Spoken" also provides some very amusing comments on how white civilization makes young Indian men unfit for tribal life, and leads to a disgruntled chief's comment that they are "good for nothing" after they return from white schools. The book also contains a very ample bibliography, and all the speech sources are well annotated. The problem still remains that inevitably these speeches come to us secondhand and in translation. The search for truth is as difficult now as it ever was. But perhaps what we need is the awareness that there is something to be sought for, and something that lies somewhere in the direction of what people themselves really felt and said. Far

perhaps the greatest value of "I Have Spoken," is that it is a sustained passionate statement by a people who tried desperately to be understood. And this is a good enough beginning.

## New look at French Revolution

**THE FRENCH REVOLUTION** by François Furet and Denis Richet. Translated from the French by C.A. Phillips. London, Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 416 pp. £3.50.

Reviewed by Walter Grab

This work is addressed to the layman rather than the professional historian. It is based not on a study of primary sources, but on the results of earlier and more recent research by other scholars. Each of the 18 chapters is preceded by a short introduction containing the author's interpretation of the historical events under discussion. For this commentary they consulted a great number of specialized studies. They give the opinions of the researchers, sometimes with and sometimes without quotation marks. In this, the book lacks footnotes and bibliographical notes, it is impossible to ascertain in which context a given authority voiced his opinion.

The book is written in a lively manner, and even those familiar with the story will find it readable. It is richly illustrated with portraits of all personalities who played a role in the French Revolution, and also contains many caricatures, facsimiles and drawings, some of them rare. The minor emendations from the French original have done no harm to the book and the mighty drama that shook the world at the end of the 18th century unfolds at a breathtaking pace. The authors try to avoid an obsolete presentation based solely on the history of ideas, but rather rely on new sociological and psychological investigations.

Many books about the Revolution only go as far as the downfall of Jacobin rule in the middle of 1794. The book under review, however, covers the period until Napoleon's seizure of power at the end of 1799. Therefore, it is of special value in that it gives us many details about the declining phase of the Revolution — that is, the period of the Thermidorean reaction and the Directory — when it was the beneficiaries of the Revolution rather than its originators who held power. The problems of the French Revolution are far too relevant to our time for any author dealing with them to avoid expressing his political views. Although the present authors clearly strive for a balanced and unemotional stance, their moderate, liberal-bourgeois bias is unmistakable. They reject the methodology and the criteria of



BIOUAN CHIEF  
(Reprinted from the Encyclopaedia International)

Revolution across the borders of France and "carry the tribunes to the ends of the world" (Robespierre, "Textes choisis," Paris, 1964, part 3, p. 59 seq.).

Following the abortive Girondin revolt in May, 1793, the Jacobin leader Barere was not (as stated) deported to Devil's Island in Guiana. It is true that he was condemned to deportation by the Thermidorians, but he managed to escape on his way to the coast and was able to hide out in France for the next few years. After the coup d'état of Fructidor in September 1797, he returned to political life (see the book by the American scholar, Le Grahony: "Bertrand Barere: A Reluctant Terrorist, Princeton, 1961).

The factual details given in Norman Hampson's recent "Social History of the French Revolution" are more exact than those in the volume under review. The standard work by the greatest authority on the subject in this century, George Lefebvre: "The French Revolution" (two vols., London-N.Y., Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1963-64), remains unsurpassed.

Dr. Grab is Professor of Modern History and Director of the Institute for German History at Tel Aviv University.

Deutsche Botschaft Kulturzentrum

WALTER HUDER

will lecture on:

### THE GOLDEN TWENTIES

IN JERUSALEM:  
BET HILLEL — Hall 16  
4 Rehov Balfour  
Monday,  
May 15, 1972  
8.30 p.m.

AND IN HAIFA:  
BET ROTHSCHILD  
Small Theatre Hall  
Wednesday,  
May 17, 1972  
8.30 p.m.

Lectures and discussion in German  
Entrance free

### ISRAELITISCHES WOCHENBLATT REVUE JUIVE

Founded in 1901  
ON-8008 Zurich/Switzerland, Florastrasse 14  
Published in German and French. This independent Swiss paper will keep you informed about what is happening to Jews all over the world in the fields of religion, politics and culture. Large advertising section for business or personal notices.  
Sample copies and cost of advertisements available.

# BLACKNESS OF THE SOUL

THE Haden of the mind is the essential unconscious energy behind black experience, and the black experience in black writing. It is the rage and desperation, the morbid bitterness that flows from that experience which creates that literature. It is Camus' aphorism that proclaims: "This movement of black souls is still struggling to be heard."

"My black brothers and sisters — you will know who we are... (Malcolm X). The themes include black psychology, racial hatred and racial love, sexual superiority, religion, history, frustration and artistic frustration. And frustration against the beating of one's head against the white wall of white death."

Chatter Himes' "If He Hollers Let Him Go" is a superb study of the Negro. Bob Jones, a college educated black worker, lives his every moment of his black life. He has a light, almost white, and prominent girl friend, with whom he carries on a dialogue of violence versus acceptance. When a stupid white Southern slut, hollering for him, screams rape, he comes to terms with the realization that there is, indeed, nowhere to hide... at all. Bob wakes every morning with the fear of this life. So detached is this feeling from being anything else in the world that the book fairly seethes with the frustrated fury of it. So scared is he of his own being that he lives every moment defensively. "The white folks had sure brought their whip to work with them that morning. Far from being a "good" experience, it is certainly an edifying experience, a frightening experience, reading this novel.

### Black Albee

After this first great success, Himes repeats himself in "The Primitive." Except that it is a black book, it might very well be a seamy traffic light directing no one. But black and white version of "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" Jesse Robinson is a writer, a lush, and a lover of a white woman, also a brilliant people running from fallen trees and the disappointments they have suffered. Jesse too is running from his skin, even though he has had only mildly bad experiences. Apparently, though, one's personal experience is not the point but rather what one knows is the collective experience of one's people is general.

Unfortunately, "The Primitive," written in 1966, is an attempted repeat of glory. Same alarm clocks, morning laughter through one's nose (unnumerable times in both books for some reason), lidded looks, soothed gin, and Freudian dreams, which are either quite obvious or terribly obscure. Kings also wakes up scared, but only because no lover is beside her. Both of them are being torn apart for different reasons, both are running each other. The psychology is further from the black psychology which Himes portrayed so masterfully in his earlier book moving towards the vague, lost psychologies of our times. It is still worthwhile reading, especially together with and in chronological order with "If He Hollers." It says something about the movement as we have lived it.

Like Himes, Williams has a dark ferment of the soul, the Negro identity growing out of his experience. Aside from the fact that Williams writes a very exciting, exacting novel, it is also a warning. Max Beckett, the protagonist of "The Man Who Cried I Am," is a writer, a brilliant writer dying of cancer in the rectum — one big pain in the ass. He has to fight twice as hard to get half as far, moving from America to Paris to Amsterdam to Africa, looking for this identity thing, the part to play. He writes a very exciting, exacting novel, and his friend — and fellow-writer Harry Amos cover the same ground. The bitterness and frustration is by

**IF HE HOLLERS LET HIM GO, THE PRIMITIVE** by Chester Himes, 1971, Signet (181pp., 160pp., respectively, 95 cents each); **THE MAN WHO CRIED I AM** by John A. Williams, 1971, Penguin, 384pp. 45p; **WHEN RAIN CLOUDS GATHER** by Beattie Head, 1971, Penguin, 176pp. 30p.

Reviewed by Joan Hooper

now familiar to anyone reading his second black novel. Max loses his girl friend through a botched abortion, because she won't have his child until he has succeeded. They gave Lillian the photograph, the image of the American Family Group but when she looked very, very closely, she wasn't in it. They let her teach about America the Beautiful and she knew it wasn't, they let her teach that shit and she knew it was not, but he hoped it was, and my darling bitch, Lillian you got to hoping more than knowing." Living this one love throughout the years, hoping but knowing, the later successful writer, Max, and Harry the mentor, the father of them all, uncover a secret so explosive and sick that it kills them: an American plan, "King Alfred," to exterminate all American blacks in one swoop.

"White men had done in their own time, pausing along the way, from time to time, just to keep in practice, to do in a few million Negroes. All this while great cheers went up, for there are no non-participants, no lonely untouched islands. Then you always got back to the race of the Six Million. You visualize them following, shouting, chattering, screaming in, say, New York City one day, driving the cabs, buses, subways or riding in them; you saw them walking the avenues and cross-streets, manning the offices and corners, the stores, the markets, jamming the hotels and parks, theatres, restaurants and movies. Catastrophe. The next day they are gone. The city is silent, meaning traffic lights directing no one. But black and white version of "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" Jesse Robinson is a writer, a lush, and a lover of a white woman, also a brilliant people running from fallen trees and the disappointments they have suffered. Jesse too is running from his skin, even though he has had only mildly bad experiences. Apparently, though, one's personal experience is not the point but rather what one knows is the collective experience of one's people is general.

### Constant cry

Throughout the novel of artistic expression and black expression, one man continued to cry "I am" — to cry it louder and louder. Williams is a major novelist, a black novelist and he is sublimating his artistic expression with his people's voice. "Any of the ideas once given literary form, any image once brought into poem or prose, any rhythm once adopted is a heritage at the disposal of the current generation of writers. The present generation of black writers, therefore, has a choice of a great many traditions from which to create new traditions of their own. There is the heritage of assimilationism which embodies the trends from Western literature. And there is the heritage of African protest, which plays a big part in all the historical trends of the long, laborious road of the Afro-American. In taken by the Afro-American in search for their identity and their African roots. That is a rich heritage.

Bessie Head in her first book to date, "When Rain Clouds Gather," writes essentially of love and peace, of her great love for her African Botswana. She was born in South

people cooperation and farming methods to better themselves, and succeeding. Makhaya is looking for peace, work, for a wife and family if he must postpone his Utopia to some future date. In a calm, melodious way he finds all of it in Botswana, finds it in a way that the people sometimes do who are trying to build Africa peacefully. Africa is faced with two destinies: that of the chiefs and riches and adulating bare foot men, or that of the barefoot men ploughing the sunscorched earth and irrigating with water from the dams they build. Makhaya confuses himself with all that he has to learn of such destinies.

But in Goletla Mmudi there was a woman waiting to love a strong man. "Therefore the God God cast one last look at Makhaya, whom he intended revenging mightily for his silent threat to knock him down. He would so much entangle this stupid young man with marriage

and babies and children that he would always have to think, not twice, but several hundred times, before he came to knocking anyone down." So the refugee turned into an agriculturalist, a lover of Botswana and husband and father. He ceased to need to cry "I am."

Black is an insistent challenge to systems which deny freedom to everyone. Most black literature thankfully embodies this insistence, enlightening for those open to it. We all learn something from pain.

CHESTER HIMES

All Jet Airline Europe-Iceland USA  
Loftleidir Europe-Bahamas Air Bahama

The Lowest fares over the Atlantic, from US \$180 Round-trip.\*  
Up to 3 Flights daily with largest Dc-8 Super-Jet from Luxembourg to New-York and 6 flights weekly from Luxembourg to Nassau.  
Lowest available air fares of any scheduled carrier — plus finest food and service.  
Great Visit U.S.A. and Stop Over Packages. Special 24/48/72 hour Stop Over in Luxembourg — Reykjavik — New-York — Miami — Nassau.

LOFTLEIDIR ICELANDIC AIR BAHAMA

COUPON

Please send me:  
 Time tables (Loftleidir)  
 Time tables (Air Bahama)  
 Fares  
 Stop Over plan  
 Visit U.S.A. tours

LOFTLEIDIR ICELANDIC INTERNATIONAL AIR BAHAMA 30 LEVONTIN ST. TEL-AVIV TEL. 624854, 612043

ULPAN AKIVA NETANYA MINISTRY OF EDUCATION  
International Hebrew Study Centre Adult Hebrew Language Section

4-WEEK HEBREW BRUSH-UP COURSE  
Opening May 14, 1972

INTENSIVE COURSE FOR VATIKIM AND ULPAN GRADUATES IN NEED OF GENERAL LANGUAGE IMPROVEMENT.

- advancement in oral and written Hebrew.
- elimination of spelling mistakes.
- Tansohi (Bible) and Hebrew literature.

Residential courses. Residents of Netanya and vicinity are accepted as external students.

PARTICULARS AND REGISTRATION:  
Ulpán Akiva Netanya, Havasot Hasharon. Telephone: 938-2327, 933-24508.

# ISRAELI POLITICS AND IDEOLOGY CHANGE SLOWLY

IDEOLOGICAL CHANGE IN ISRAEL by Alan Arlan. Cleveland, Western Reserve University Press. 220 pp. \$6.95.

Reviewed by Meron Medzini

VETERAN Israelis have a feeling that idealism in this country is dead. Young Israelis scoff at the ideology of their leaders and "Zionism" (Zionism) is a derisive term. The present manoeuvring for positions in the next Knesset and Cabinet, and the major preoccupation of Israelis with their domestic problems such as labour relations, poverty, technology, religious affairs, communal tensions, also lead to the inevitable conclusion that ideology no longer plays a prominent role in Israel's life. Not so, claims Professor Alan Arlan, Chairman of the Department of Political Science at Tel Aviv University, in this book, which is possibly one of the best ever written on Israeli politics.

Tracing the development of the dominant ideology of Israel, "Zionism" with a thick overlay of Socialism, the author finds its roots in both traditional, purely Jewish sources and the experience of Jews in Central and Eastern Europe in the latter part of the 19th century. The founders of Israel were deeply committed to a Socialist-Zionist ideology, and three major institutions reflected this commitment: the Histadrut, the political parties left of centre led by Mapai, and the Kibbutz Movement.

Professor Arlan goes on to explain that Israel's political leadership not only produced, but also distributed and consumed the ideology it had fashioned. His subject is ideological change in this country, and he studies it in a series of interviews with 200 Knesset Members and senior civil servants and with a similar number of university students. They were asked which ideology is dominant, what was its content, what changes have taken place in the course of time, how persuasive ideology is in shaping policy. Of special concern were the changes in the ideologies of the secular political parties and the ideology of the Kibbutz Movement.

The author's conclusions, while not startling, are highly valid, very

convincing and well reasoned. His research only confirmed what was already known — that "Israel's political culture is a conservative one, not given over easily to changes in personnel, institutions, or ideology." The virtual absence of a parliamentary opposition, only assured the key role of the Labour Party, previously Mapai, which dominated the country. Mapai in turn, was dominated by an elite, which developed a certain ideological style. Mr. Arlan also stresses the importance of the coalition arrangements which have made election-time rivals into political bedfellows with Mapai, during the short history of the State of Israel.

He thinks that "it would be misleading to think that the style of ideological politics in Israel was only associated with the electoral system." It is part of the political culture of the elite. He adds that "the paths of access to political power all led through the executive committees of the political parties." This is now being challenged by the co-optation of ex-generals into the Cabinet and has aroused much indignation among old-style politicians, who want advancement in key positions to be determined by the length and loyalty of party service.

What can be expected in the near future? Professor Arlan argues very cogently that, in effect, very little change will take place. His reasoning is worth reading in full: "The relative stability of ideology in Israel must be understood in terms of the importance of the political party and the role of the political elite in shaping the public ideology. The dominant socialist-Zionist (Kibbutz) ideology may no longer be the only appropriate path of meeting the country's needs, but it is still used to explain and justify policy. In one sense, the socialist-Zionist ideology has passed beyond mere ideology; like the Kibbutz movement and the pre-State struggle, it symbolizes the legitimacy of the political system. It has become a part of the more fundamental sense, those same features which tend to perpetuate power of certain elites and certain organizations also guard against any radical change in the language of political communication."

The writer then foresees more of the same to come. Israeli politics are marked by extraordinary stability. "Political change is usually only surface-deep, the rate of change being inversely proportional to the heat generated by Israeli politics." Change comes very slowly because much of Israel's political culture is based on political arrangements and ideological formulations, although organizational shifts and ideological rumblings sometimes appear on the surface. The final conclusion is that: "given the conservative nature of Israeli politics, I would expect these changes to occur gradually: it is unlikely that ideological change in Israel will be swift or comprehensive. The leadership is too secure in its institutional positions to be deeply affected by signs of ideological rejection on the part of the public. More likely the leadership will change here and modify there."

This book must be read by those Israeli politicians who think they can bring about the necessary ideological and perhaps institutional changes rapidly, to adjust our vibrant and dynamic society to present day ideology. They will realize how difficult their task will be. They will also understand better the system in which they operate. Professor Arlan has contributed a most stimulating book to the growing number of works on this country and its social organization. Few can match him for clarity, shrewd insight and first class research.



BERL KATZENELSON

# Jerusalem poems

By KAREN GERSHON

NIGHTFALL IN JERUSALEM

Purple, the light flows over the pallid stones surrounding the pollen of the sun. The desert drives its goats across the sky. Measuric rock with people in its veins, that has been croning since the world began, rises, each grain a fountain to the eye.

THE CHILDREN IN THE STREET

None of the children here ever walk on their own; the scabies buckled into the armour of homo. Life kneels to its reflection in their faces. None of the children are ever still, in response to the sap of the city rising in their spring.

ENCOUNTERS

The ground is singing under our feet: who were cast aside like stones have sprung up as harvest, life rekindled by community. The past ploughed under whispers as we meet: you are my neighbour, whose roots nourish me.

From: LEGACIES AND ENCOUNTERS, to be published shortly by Victor Gollancz.

# And silent flows the runner

THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG-DISTANCE RUNNER by Alan Sillitoe. New York: Signet Book published by the New American Library. 144 pp. 75 c.

If you have seen the film based on "The Loneliness of the Long-Distance Runner," you cannot read the story — or re-read it in the new paperback edition — without picturing Tom Courtenay as the Borstal boy. Yet how much more the written word has to offer than the film Alan Sillitoe has got right under the skin of the defiant lad who refuses to win his race.

The autobiographical-style narrative cuts character right down to the bone and strips away any sentimental hopes in current methods of juvenile reform. Yet the effect is comic — perhaps a forerunner of black comedy before it lost direction.

Though none of the other stories in this collection has the same mastery grip of people and situations, Alan Sillitoe undoubtedly knows the grubby ugliness of the life led by underpaid factory hands and small-time delinquents. Without the use of four-letter words he can give body to the soul's toughness he is describing — to male inadequacy or brutality, to the smelly surroundings, the bleak streets, the greasy mess.

DORA BOWDEN

# Children's books in Hebrew and English

By Miriam Arad

An ability to charm the fantastic and the ridiculous out of the everyday, along with increasing technical skill, marks every new book of Nurit Zaritski's children's poetry. Her poems are born of genuine emotion and experience, be it a moment of indignation in a hat-shop, or the minor miracle of finding three whole loaves in a tin of instant coffee — things no law that says children's stories can't be written in prose, though a surprising number of people think otherwise to bad effect. Which in our version starts, "Once upon a time when pigs poke rhymes/ And monkeys chewed tobacco/ And hens took snuff to make them tough/ And ducks went quack, quack, quack, O!" The writing and translation in this collection is particularly good as well, and lively.

For older children — 12-14 — Dvir has released Binjamin Galut's ATALEFEE AKKO (The Bats of Acre, 194 pp.), an adventure story that begins with a spy ring, continues with a treasure trove, and culminates in the Sinai War. The child heroes are so erudite and speak such breath-takingly high-brow Hebrew that it sometimes actually seems as though the author wanted to show off.

For the same age, but restricted to the rather staid and school-minded Masada have put out a translation of four solid, informative volumes entitled MAN AND THE SEA, THE DESERT AND THE JUNGLE, by Dan Q. Posin, all translated from the English by D. Miram, illustrated by David Burnside, and containing roughly 120 pages each.

For younger children just starting on English, or five-year-olds with ambitious parents, or anything in between wanting an ABC book, will enjoy an original one entitled THE ALPHABET BOOK, an ABC book by Dorothy Schmderer (Holt, Rinehart, and Winston, N.Y. \$3.95). Each page has one letter of the alphabet changing by four essay stages into the picture of an animal. It is not too difficult to imagine how, for instance, the "a" grows and turns into a snail. You will be amazed to see a "w" waver and become a whale, and a "u" grow a beak on one side and a tail on the other and lol a vulture; but the way the "s" breaks up gradually into a zebra is something that must be seen to be believed. The kind of adult who dislikes puns will think this too clever by half, but children love this kind of thing.

For those who can read English already, and who like their tales feisty, here are three books of them. The first is by Isaac Bashevis Singer: ALONE IN THE WILD FRONTIER (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, N.Y., illustrated by the Yiddish by the translated from the Yiddish by the author and Edith Sitton, 80 pp., \$4.50) and is as different from the usual fairy tale as you'd expect. It's Ericson's is called Chassidim — Chassidim would suit her — and the King's wicked Minister is Bai Mavka, which means Man of Devils, and which I'm afraid will mislead the uninitiated into pronouncing it something like Bai MacKane. Besides these two and the wily hero's kitchen on the way I agree, nothing much, but in a nice every-day nothing-much kind of way which children like. And the moral is: if you have a little talent and a great urge to write children's stories, better write them about things that happen, rather than about things that are.

WHAT happens in TOV LI TAV (The Good in the World) by Noga Bahad (an unnecessarily fanciful and untranslatable title; something to do with notes and happiness, Masada, 22 pp., illustrated by Avi Margalit).

ALTHOUGH I am wearying a bit of the fairy tale genre, I read both the above and the following with pleasure and for opposite reasons: Bashevis-Singer's for its earthiness, and the other for its child-like charm.

is that there are those seven brothers called Do, Ra, Mi and the TALES compiled by Dagmar Sokolov, and they are footloose, that rova (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard, N.Y., 170 pp. and notes, \$5.95 illustrated by Mirko Hanak) for its familiarity. It is a positive relief to find a compiler content to include Cinderella and Snow White and Little Red Riding Hood, as well as a less famous but rather marvellous version of Cinderella called Tattercoats. There are also a number of English fairy tales (first collected, of all things, by an Austrian Jew), like the beloved "Three Little Pigs" which in our version starts, "Once upon a time when pigs poke rhymes/ And monkeys chewed tobacco/ And hens took snuff to make them tough/ And ducks went quack, quack, quack, O!" The writing and translation in this collection is particularly good as well, and lively.

For the same age, but restricted to the rather staid and school-minded Masada have put out a translation of four solid, informative volumes entitled MAN AND THE SEA, THE DESERT AND THE JUNGLE, by Dan Q. Posin, all translated from the English by D. Miram, illustrated by David Burnside, and containing roughly 120 pages each.

For younger children just starting on English, or five-year-olds with ambitious parents, or anything in between wanting an ABC book, will enjoy an original one entitled THE ALPHABET BOOK, an ABC book by Dorothy Schmderer (Holt, Rinehart, and Winston, N.Y. \$3.95). Each page has one letter of the alphabet changing by four essay stages into the picture of an animal. It is not too difficult to imagine how, for instance, the "a" grows and turns into a snail. You will be amazed to see a "w" waver and become a whale, and a "u" grow a beak on one side and a tail on the other and lol a vulture; but the way the "s" breaks up gradually into a zebra is something that must be seen to be believed. The kind of adult who dislikes puns will think this too clever by half, but children love this kind of thing.

For those who can read English already, and who like their tales feisty, here are three books of them. The first is by Isaac Bashevis Singer: ALONE IN THE WILD FRONTIER (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, N.Y., illustrated by the Yiddish by the translated from the Yiddish by the author and Edith Sitton, 80 pp., \$4.50) and is as different from the usual fairy tale as you'd expect. It's Ericson's is called Chassidim — Chassidim would suit her — and the King's wicked Minister is Bai Mavka, which means Man of Devils, and which I'm afraid will mislead the uninitiated into pronouncing it something like Bai MacKane. Besides these two and the wily hero's kitchen on the way I agree, nothing much, but in a nice every-day nothing-much kind of way which children like. And the moral is: if you have a little talent and a great urge to write children's stories, better write them about things that happen, rather than about things that are.

ALTHOUGH I am wearying a bit of the fairy tale genre, I read both the above and the following with pleasure and for opposite reasons: Bashevis-Singer's for its earthiness, and the other for its child-like charm.

# Sheep in her clothes

SUNDAY BEST by Bernice Rubens. London, Eyre and Spottiswood. 263 pp. £1.95.

Reviewed by Curtis Arnson

AS we learn from the first person narrator, George Verrey Smith is a 42-year-old schoolmaster, no longer having confidence in his teeth, whose only joy in life are his "Sundays." The latter are the collection of his wife's cast-off clothes in which he spends Sunday dressing and primping. Upon the death of his neighbour (who died of a heart attack brought on by the neighbour's wife falsely claiming Smith as their child's father), Smith decides to attend the funeral in drag, after which he heads for Brighton to exchange the lie for the fantasy.

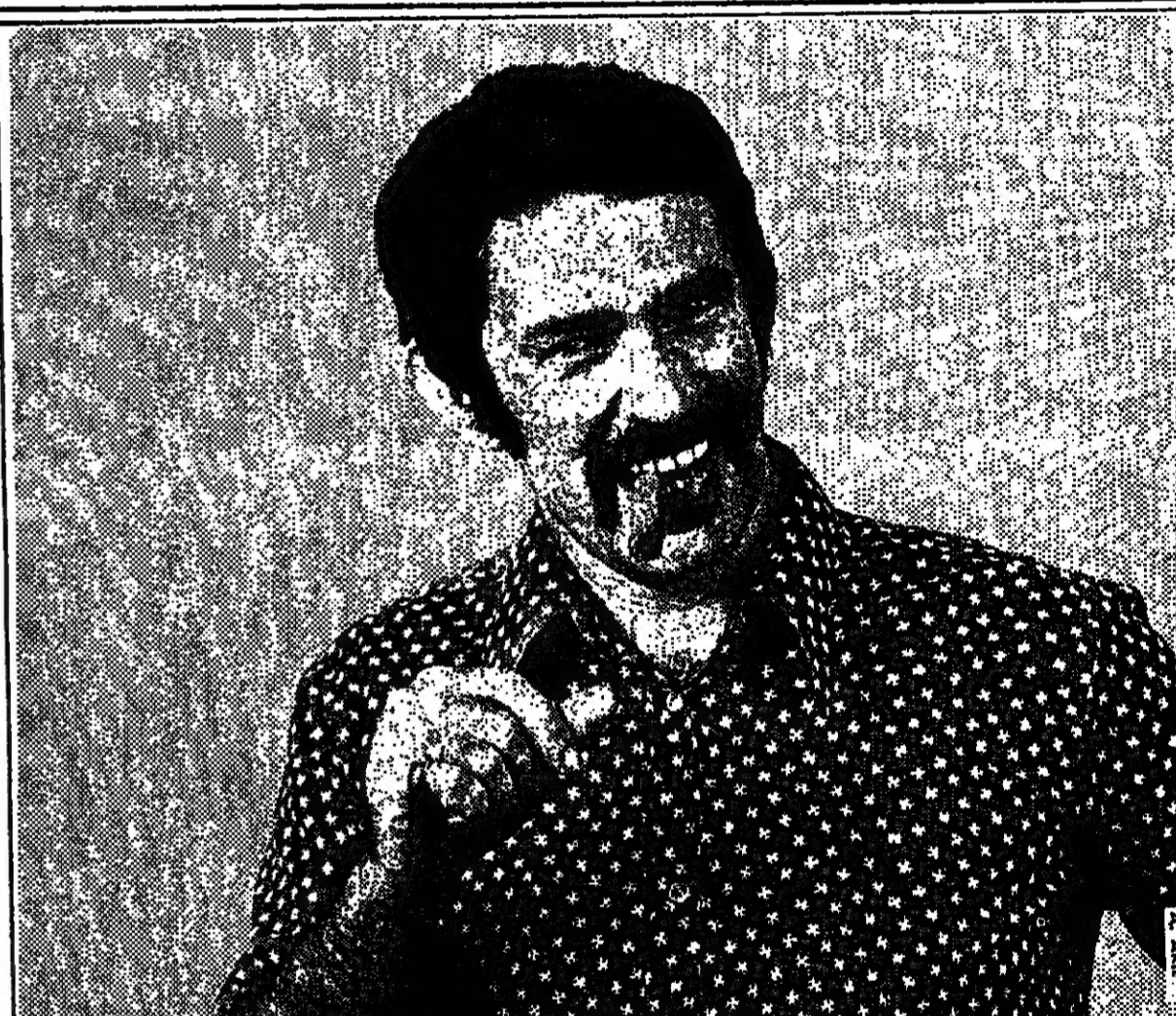
Unfortunately, Smith chooses a time in which a fellow teacher, recently fired for immoral acts with his male "coloured quota" students, is found murdered. Smith, now Mrs. Emily Pride, is sought, found, and finally returning to the lie, cleared of the crime.

This implausible outline is unfair to the book. The novel gingerly

steps into the void of Smith's marriage with his joyless wife Joy. Their inability to communicate, even to become aware of each other in a sense other than habit, is starkly presented by the form of the book, the first half — Smith's narrative — followed by a straight story, showing up many of the protagonist's self-delusions.

Mrs Rubens does not cheat on us. She lets Smith tell his story by himself instead of pushing it along. Even the story remains intelligible as she deftly avoids slapstick and kitsch, while still verging on the comic.

We may doubt Smith, but we never throw down the book in incredulous disgust. We feel that we are reading the confession of a human being, not a titillating farce. "Sunday Best" is a sympathetic and well-told tale which must surely delight every intelligent reader.



# I WAS A TOURIST LIKE YOU

Then somebody said, have you been to TOUR VE-ALIEH yet? An officially-sponsored organization that gives tourists some very interesting insights on life in Israel. So I wandered in. And they told me what was going on here in my own field. I met veteran settlers, new immigrants and Israelis who wanted partners with outside capital. And that was the first step to changing my whole life. Because I'm not a tourist any more. I live here now. Why don't you pay a visit to TOUR VE-ALIEH? Maybe it'll just be a pleasant way to spend a few minutes or hours. It'll change your life. It costs nothing to find out.



COME IN AND SEE TOUR VE-ALIEH SOON. Tel Aviv Area Office: 87 Rehov Hayarkon (next to the American Embassy) Tel. 03-56841. Jerusalem: 7 Rehov Hillel Tel. 02-238810. Haifa: 135 Sderot Hanassi Tel. 04-86104.

**DEADLINE JUNE 15**

STAY OUT OF TROUBLE... SAVE TIME AND WORRY... Let BLOCK Prepare Your

**INCOME TAX**

For Americans living abroad, the deadline for filing your return, without penalty, has been extended until JUNE 15. We'll help you come into the picture or expert help. Don't wait until the last minute.

BOTH FEDERAL AND STATE 25 UP

GUARANTEE: We guarantee accurate preparation of every tax return. If we make any errors that cost you any penalty or interest, we will pay that penalty or interest.

**H.R. BLOCK Co.**

AMERICA'S LARGEST TAX SERVICE WITH OVER 6000 OFFICES

TEL AVIV  
6, Akko, Mishel Israel  
Telephone (03) 238788  
Open 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. Fridays 9 a.m. to 1 p.m.

NO APPOINTMENT NECESSARY

UP  
NOW  
THINE  
EYES  
AND  
LOOK  
FROM  
THE  
PLACE  
WHERE  
THOU  
ART  
NORTHWARD  
AND  
SOUTHWARD  
AND  
EASTWARD  
AND  
WESTWARD...

**TOUR ISRAEL 1971-72**

A Tour Guide of the Country  
65 maps \* 16 Tour Itineraries

This guide is intended to assist tourists and researchers, motorists, students and all those who wish to become acquainted with the land, its people, its landscape and historic sites.

- \* up-to-date regional maps of Israel, Sinai and Golan
- \* distances in kilometers
- \* detailed maps of Israel's main cities
- \* maps and plans of historic sites
- \* Six Day War battle maps
- \* three-colour maps with contours and elevations for easy use

**TOUR ISRAEL** the guide for the entire family, tourists, motorists and vacationers.

Itineraries, hotels, guesthouses, youth hostels, camp sites, clubs, historic sites, excavations, national parks.

**Petrol Stations** — lists of Petrol, Soviet and Israeli stations, in all parts of the country.

**When you set out on the road — don't forget your** THE JERUSALEM POST edition of **TOUR ISRAEL** Price \$3 Published by Evyatar Publishing Co. Ltd.

Write for your copy to: The Jerusalem Post, P.O.B. 81, Jerusalem, Israel.



# Students search for identity

"THE right to say 'We'" is a precarious one, for the right to say "I" is threatened and at times sacrificed. Richard Zorza, a Harvard freshman, recently arrived from England, has chosen the dramatic strike by Harvard University students in the spring of 1969 to show the oft-sung unity of the Movement, the youth generation... we. In his eagerness to stress the restoring quality of collective action, he brushes past personal fears and conflicts — which could have been the spring for a personal record of growth, instead of the artificial recounting of group actions that fill the book. At times, however, these conflicts do emerge amid the endless political meetings, and there are the book's most vivid moments:

"After the march on Widener Hall, the group broke up, and panic struck the Yard every- one, attempting to find out what was going on, shadowed everyone else. Black shadowed black, white shadowed black, white shadowed white. It was all doubtless part of the plan to terrify everyone."

But instead of exploring this strange harlequin masquerade, Zorza falls back into the secure narration of endless political meetings and caucuses. But again the terror rears its head. Zorza succumbs to it, but does not go into any accompanying feelings of guilt or self-doubt:

"I left then wondering what on earth he (the Afro member) could have meant by that comment. Was he warning me to stay away from a disrupted mass meeting? If there were a panic in the stands, hundreds could be trampled to death. After much thought, I told the University Police of the encounter. Perhaps it is better if that Afro member never tries to explain, or to answer my question."

## Seeking trust

An excellent opportunity to ask those central questions: how deep is this new-found trust? Is it existent at all? Is it possible to create? And the opportunity is lost — ironically — in the discussion of plans for a mass meeting. The meeting was exciting, and completely breaking with precedent, 12,000 Harvard students united and voted to strike — or did they? The vote was very close, and many drifted off before the final vote. Doubts and splits multiplied:

"The ecstasy of united action had turned to fear. The joy of mass mobilization had turned to uncertainty and chaos. The situation was becoming more organized, yet more chaotic. Leadership were becoming disassociated from their constituencies. It was clear that the mobilization was ending."

But again this sudden swing of mood is ignored, lost in a discussion of the faculty vote. Zorza dismisses his queasy feelings and ends by assuring us — and himself — that the strike was worth it, there was a change.

"We tasted the joys of commitment. We became people, real people, not plaster-cast imitations. As before, as always,

**THE RIGHT TO SAY WE** by Richard Zorza. London, Pall Mall Press, 214 pp. £2.

**MEMBERS OF THE CLASS WILL KEEP DAILY JOURNALS** by Tobl Sanders and Joan Bennett. N.Y., Winter House, 153 pp. \$5.95.

Reviewed by Carol Kaplan

MEMBERS OF THE CLASS WILL KEEP DAILY JOURNALS

Harvard in crisis was the land of the individual. We had been a community totally immersed in one goal, one mobilization, one great seizing of control of our own lives. We had been through France in 1789, Moscow in 1917, Britain in 1940 and Israel today."

About the other historical settings I cannot say, but I could never picture an Israeli soldier starting a book about the Six Day War with such a statement as: "I am a bit player (on stage) a bit more than the others" or "I do not really think of myself as having been born anywhere in particular."

Perhaps that sense of vagueness and unimportance about himself, plus the feeling of unreality, explains his unarticulated urge to identify himself with some deep mass movement in history. Again accuracy is shunted aside as Zorza intones:

"And we cry out. We cry out with the shout of the children in the Victorian mines, the Jews in the concentration camps, the blacks on the plantations..."

Zorza is young and eager; perhaps the absurdity of the parallel can be forgiven, but neither can his observations on himself or his peers be taken very seriously. Perhaps self-honesty is the price Richard Zorza is paying for the right to say We.

TWO women at Barnard College during the original university strike of 1968 (at Barnard's "parent" campus, Columbia University in New York) refuse to pay that price. They are Tobl Gillian Sanders, a Jewish Russian major from the East, and Joan Frances Bennett, a Negro freshman from the South. The two have recorded their year's growth in diaries published together, in a handsome volume called, "Members of the Class will keep a daily Journal." Listen to Joan's description of her participation in the take-over of Columbia:

"So restless. See no sense. I haven't talked with myself as to why I'm here. It is one of the few times that I have allowed myself to act without formulated reasons. But anyway I feel a little alien even in this black skin. But I'm not a traitor. I'm not without identity. I don't think that I'm deluding myself. I hope to God that I'm not."

Joan also feels the need for united action, for a group expression of

solidarity, because "things like this remind us of who we are, and if we aren't that we are nobody."

A sense of apertures, of isolation, is perhaps a common feeling after leaving home. But Joan is unusual in her supreme consciousness of the separation of her objective achievement with her constant ache of loneliness:

"A homecoming. A leave taking. The light shone on their faces as they sat around the table and I joked and they laughed and smiled. I had made the journey back. I rushed from room to room as if in pursuit of something, something that went out just as I went in."

Yet sometimes the loneliness arches into solitude:

"All the time I've spent secluded, from then until now, I don't regret. Even though retreating into my shell had become a habit and my speech is often slow and lame. I'm glad I've wandered away from the crowd to be my own person."

## Only half-way

Joan does not feel, though, that her "person" has crystallized. She is still a "half-way person." She feels "pathetic" at her lack of self-knowledge. She condemns her extreme introspective tendencies: "It's not a good life and the good people of the world no longer lead it." She criticizes her lack of commitment to anything outside herself.

And yet, perhaps the self-absorption is necessary. Perhaps one must look inward and find the Self before full participation with others is possible. But the way is long and stretches interminably. One fears at times that the end is illusory — that indeed there is no end...and perhaps not even a road. The road begins to blur...

"Something calls me to walk the brightly lit and shadowy streets of the city, to be lost in the constantly moving masses, to pretend for a while when my face and form are dimly seen, that I have a purpose, that I'm going somewhere...When do we throw away the rule book and go it alone?"

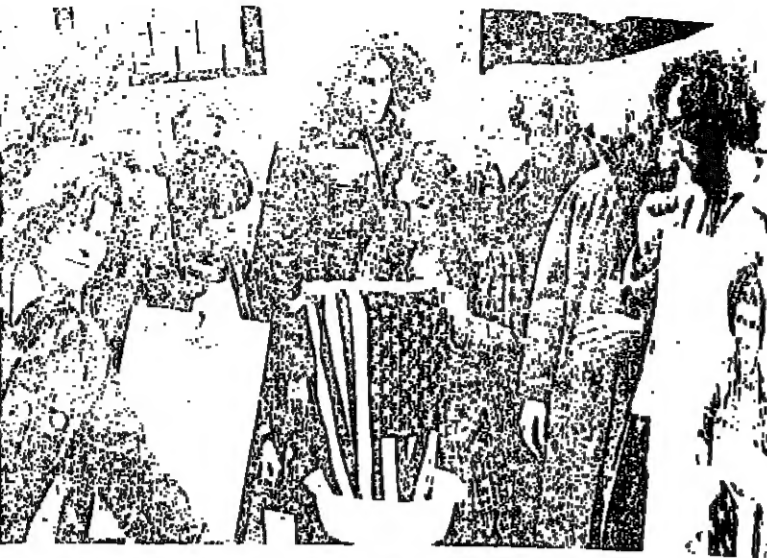
The terror, the terror that Zorza cannot face, remains. In the strange environment of the University, during a spring fraught with violence and despair, Joan feels parts of herself loosening and floating away. She becomes nostalgic, not for home and mother's "bosom to bury in" but rather she longs for the God — the faith — of her childhood. As personal doubts are echoed by local and national crises, the terror stems into grief and mourning: Martin Luther King, who did believe in the "God of her childhood," has been assassinated. Joan remembers his words: "You've got to walk that lone valley. You've got to walk it by yourself."

## Rejecting causes

When the crisis occurs at Columbia, it is her innate self which gives her strength, which tells her to reject the extremist causes such as the Black Muslims, for "Any undistorted cause, any cause that can stand alone and be seen for what it is, shouldn't have to be rammed down people's throats." Joan's cause doesn't have a name. Zorza, for example, describes himself as a "moderate-militant educational radical." Joan cannot. She will not. Her search is too deep and too personal for a label:

"I have a desire to know all the signs of happiness, sadness, strength and weakness on the human face. To communicate without words, glances or provocation. I suppose what I want to know is the human heart."

The beauty of Joan's insight, of her discovery, is that it is a rediscovery. Joan, who has claimed like Zorza to have no past, no present, no future, somehow remembers that



American students on strike

spiritually if no longer physically, she has a home, and in this home reside the values that make herself a responsible being: "I have taken too long to come home. It calls for caring."

The campus take-over from still a third point of view is described as part of Tobl Sanders' Journal. The Journal itself, so different from Joan's in its slangy humor and pungent imagery (her descriptions of the Peasch meal are delicious), yet shares with Joan's the proof of a natural talent for insight and growth. Tobl is in love with an architect, and, as she realizes, "someone in love has no place in a campus torn by chaos." Yet somehow she cannot completely separate herself from the Columbia take-over — "Something drew me back."

She joins her friends on the campus, where everyone is "waiting for the bust." Cops chase her back to the dormitory, and when she gets safely upstairs, she realizes blood is dripping down her face.

Tobl sees the intimate, the hidden, the humorous side of the take-over. The cops try to pick her up the next day. "They're twisting their nightsticks like drum majorettes for the Big Game." She brings her friends, who've taken over Avery Hall, apples and sandwiches. She marvels at the sense of community. But she sees the sharp edge of violence hovering like a vulture's wing over the magically "liberated" campus:

## Brainy sun

"Structures are tumbling down like an erector set with screwy pla screws. Blacks hanging out of windows, whites hankering for blood while all day the sun was clever — it hid. I feel a chaos, a stinkiness, and the old Russian hoot (rebellion). The architects have Avery, Harold Harold but I feel like I want to hide like the sun, hide like an ostrich in the sand. That's silly. Everyone knows that Morning-side Heights is solid granite."

One can surmise how Tobl would react to the following quote used by Zorza as evidence of a student's growth during the Harvard strike: "I was involved in something

that was way over my head and yet so close to home — to everyone. My brother was at Columbia and he felt the same way. You cannot help being involved, and if you are not, then there must be something wrong with you."

Tobl would probably never see participation in a mass take-over as a criterion for self-development. She does not need to seek a home in the transitory euphoria of a mass action. Perhaps because she already has one. Returning to her parents' home for her own private mourning (her lover has been killed in a fire), she writes: "I am home now for I have no other and we all need some home to come home to."

## Life principle

Joan's home is perhaps more metaphorical, a merging of the nostalgia of childhood with the philosophic search for an origin: "I tell you mine is not solely an academic mission. I come here seeking, seeking the parent of my unuttered desires, the mother of my dreams. I feel her call, I hear her outside in the dusk."

For Joan and Tobl the central nerve, the life principle, flows from the home and radiates outside a generalized spiritual code. Surely we all need a home to come back to as certainly as we all have a home we have left, be the two homes the same one or not. In the end this is the mission of self-development, of study, of learning. — To find that home or homes; and it is a personal search leaving deep cleavages in the soul, pains that no sense of mass can assuage.

Zorza writes that the right to say "We" gives us an identity and allows us dignity, and that this right was "bastarded upon" the Harvard students during the strike. But his vision of dignity is clogged with distrust, shadowing, and shadows in the end, who are "we" but an illusory sphere of separate universes momentarily suspended together.

But then the motion begins again, the forces pull within and without, and each separate universe travels on — hopefully towards its own self-unity, its own self-origin, its own home.

# Vigil at the Wall

No matter what time of the day or night — the Western Wall is never alone. Someone is always standing before it, pouring his heart out. In this article, MOSHE AKIVA DRUCK describes the Wall — and some of its visitors — during the silent hours from midnight to morning. Mr. Druck himself is a "regular": his daily visiting time is 4 to 6 a.m.

THE Divine Presence, according to Jewish tradition, has never departed from the Western Wall. And just as God never leaves the Wall, so we, the Jews, have never left it, for even one moment, since we were privileged to return to it five years ago today.

There is always someone there, in secret conversation with his Creator. There are some people who simply cannot satisfy their craving to be there, to return again and again. They themselves cannot explain this desire, but they are enlivened by it.

ONE night I stood by the Wall watching a gentle-faced, white-bearded patriarch. Silently I approached him, almost removing my shoes — as he himself had done. An ignorant stranger might have thought he was following the Moslem rite of removing the shoes at a holy place. But I knew better. I knew that Reb Moshe — this is his name — was about to sit down cross-legged on his small red mat and begin his mournful recitation of the *Tikkun Shatzet* (the midnight lamentation for the destruction of the Temple): "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat, you we wept as we remembered Zion..." and Psalm 137: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget its cunning..." In this setting the sad verses took on a particularly dramatic significance.

Reb Moshe did not remain alone for long, sunk in his sad thoughts. Within minutes another group of mourners who had emerged from the alleyways of the Old City were seated nearby, emulating his solemn dirge. The little congregation of mourners, silhouetted in the harsh arc-lights, threw me into a sad and pensive mood.

But it didn't last for long. Reb Moshe and his companions were soon on their feet, and approaching the Wall with deference, showered it with kisses. "What sense is there in these kisses?" I made bold to ask. One of the group replied with a mischievous smile: "What can we do if the Wall returns our kisses?"

## Not new face

Reb Moshe is not a new face at the Wall. He lived in the Jewish Quarter before the State, and spent many long months in Jordanian captivity when the Old City fell in 1948, before he rejoined his family who had been "exiled" with the others to new Jerusalem.

He was not a new face to me either. A man without pretenses to prophetic insight, he had never fallen prey to the pessimism which overtook us all when the Old City fell; the feelings that many generations would pass before we set foot there again. In his heart of hearts he always believed we would return there one day, and he himself would return to his humble home in Rehov Hayehudim.

As I watched him, deep in mourning at one moment, joyful the next, I remembered that day five years ago, when King Hussein signed the pact with President Nasser of Egypt and all of us in Israel were filled with trepidation. I happened to meet Reb Moshe. He was bubbling over with joy. Why the cheerfulness, I asked him. His reply came back without a moment's hesitation: "You'll see, by Shavout we'll be praying by the Wall again." At the time I thought he was day-dreaming.

THE little band of mourners for Zion gradually melted away, some going home to their beds, others crossing the plaza to the office of Rabbi Meir Yehuda Getz, the Rabbi of the Wall, where they spend the midnight watch studying the Kabbala, the sacred mystic lore of the Holy Ari and Rabbi Haim Vital.

Since my concern is not with the secret lore of the Kabbala, I returned to the Wall to see what was happening there during these after-midnight hours. It was no surprise to find a young *veshiva* student who had just completed his *shmur* in Talmud and, before retiring, had come to offer a short prayer for his mother lying sick in hospital. But I was surprised to see a Jerusalem businessman I knew who could not hide his embarrassment at being "caught" at the Wall at the dead of night. A short "interrogation" elicited his explanation. "Listen," he said, "since the liberation of the Wall, I haven't passed a day without at least a look at it. Today I was out of town on business and on



Early-morning study group at the Western Wall.

returning to Jerusalem I came here before going home. What was the reason for this strange "hobby," I asked him. "I can't explain it myself," he said, "but it is a very old love of mine. I am a Jerusalemite by birth and in the old days I never left a day go by without visiting the Wall. I am not religious, but the attraction to this place is in my blood. How can one explain this to someone who doesn't understand?"

As we spoke, a taxi drew up almost alongside the Wall itself. A young woman dragged herself out with difficulty. One could see at a glance that she was in labour. She managed to drag herself to the Wall, kiss it and mumble a few words of prayer before returning to the car. As she prayed the driver told me how he had been called to her house to take her to hospital, after she felt her labour pains come on. But on the way she whispered to her husband how much better she would feel if she could first pray at the Wall. The driver overheard the conversation and interrupted without being asked, promising to drive the mother-to-be to the Wall, without delaying her arrival at the hospital.

The clock-hands moved on. The young couple had reached the hospital, the Talmud student had said his prayer and gone, for a moment it seemed that the Wall would remain alone. But very soon another taxi pulled up at the gate. From the distance I could see its roof laden with suit cases. Six figures emerged and hurried to the Wall. They were an American Jewish family who had just flown in from New York, but before going to their hotels had come to the Wall. The head of the family stopped and gathered the others around him. The scene aroused my interest. The father pulled out a pocket-knife and slashed the lapel of his jacket as Jewish law demands of one "who sees the Temple in its ruin."

As they departed, tourists emerged, airport-bound, but intent on a short prayer before returning home.

## Policemen are witnesses

I chatted to the police on guard at the gates and asked them what they thought of these strange and moving scenes. They, though witnessing such scenes day and night did not hide their feelings. Even an Arab policeman did not hide his emotions. Wall, kiss it and mumble a few words of prayer before returning to the car. As she prayed the driver told me how he had been called to her house to take her to hospital, after she felt her labour pains come on. But on the way she whispered to her husband how much better she would feel if she could first pray at the Wall. The driver overheard the conversation and interrupted without being asked, promising to drive the mother-to-be to the Wall, without delaying her arrival at the hospital.

Meanwhile, the first harbingers of the new dawn were beginning to arrive: those whose particular mission it is to begin morning prayers literally at sunrise, and who precede their prayers with an hour long recital of Psalms. They are a group of ordinary workers and traders who have not missed this pre-dawn service for even one day since the Wall was restored to us.

One of them seemed rather strange, standing about at the upper section of the plaza, walking back and forth as if searching for something he had lost. It soon became clear that he wasn't looking for anything. Reb Pinhas (that was his name) was throw-

ing seeds to the pigeons that have made their nests in the crevices of the Wall. He believes, with a pure and simple faith, that the Temple will soon be rebuilt and then the pigeons will be fed and fattened to be offered as sacrifices.

Legends abound concerning the pigeons which swoop around the Wall. One relates that the pigeons too left the Wall with the exile of the Jews, and returned with the paratroopers on that morning of the 28th of Iyar 5727.

Some of the pre-dawn regulars scornfully dismiss his strange behaviour, but in order not to hurt his feelings they leave Reb Pinhas in peace.

## Pre-dawn study

By now a substantial number of pre-dawn worshippers had arrived by car and truck. They did not make straight to the Wall, but proceeded first to the office of Rabbi Getz, where they study Talmud in two separate groups. One class, in Hebrew, is conducted by Rabbi Yosef Edeas, one of the principals of the Porat Yosef yeshiva. Among the students I recognized several vegetable dealers from the Mahane Yehuda and Bokhara quarter markets and artisans and clerks, all wearing *talit* and *tefillin* and listening with rapt attention to the words of their rabbi.

In the adjoining room was the group studying in Yiddish. Again the same intent faces. Here the rabbi was none other than Rabbi Yeshayahu Sheinberger, once better known as the "Foreign Minister" of the "Neturei Karta," the Mea Shearim fanatic American Jewish family who had just flown in from New York, but before going to their hotels had come to the Wall. The head of the family stopped and gathered the others around him. The scene aroused my interest. The father pulled out a pocket-knife and slashed the lapel of his jacket as Jewish law demands of one "who sees the Temple in its ruin."

As they departed, tourists emerged, airport-bound, but intent on a short prayer before returning home. Outside, meanwhile, the groups of worshippers continue to arrive, through the alleyways of the *suk*, among them a group of women, both old and young, who have also adopted the custom of praying at the Wall each day at dawn. They pray quietly their lips scarcely moving, like Hannah before Eli the High Priest. But now and then one hears a stifled sob, a cry from the heart of some troubled woman.

So the day unfolds. Some come, some go, yet the *minyanim* never disturb each other. As in the days of the Temple, "no-one said the place is too crowded." Ashkenazim and Sephardim, *cofanim* and recent immigrants and tourists, Jewish and non-Jewish — all approach the Wall with affection and respect, a hand on its stones, and whisper a prayer. No-one disturbs them. For is it not written: "For My House shall be a House of Prayer for all peoples?"

I once saw a clergyman from New Orleans hiding the cross on his breast before entering the plaza, in order not to offend the feelings of other worshippers. His long beard almost misled the Habad group around their *tefillin* stall, who invited him to carry out this *mitzva*, but, with delicate politeness, he pointed out that he was not Jewish.

There was once another Christian who, with even greater politeness, agreed to put the *tefillin* on and mumbled a prayer without revealing his true identity, thinking that it was a duty incumbent on all visitors, like covering the head.

## NEW BIBLE BOOKS FOR YOU

The Bible Home Instructor, a grouping together of all Bible texts printed on any subject; index of all subjects...\$3.00

- \* Book of Daniel and Revelations...\$2.50
- \* Course of 4 Bible Lessons...\$10.00

For 6 or more books in one order — half price.

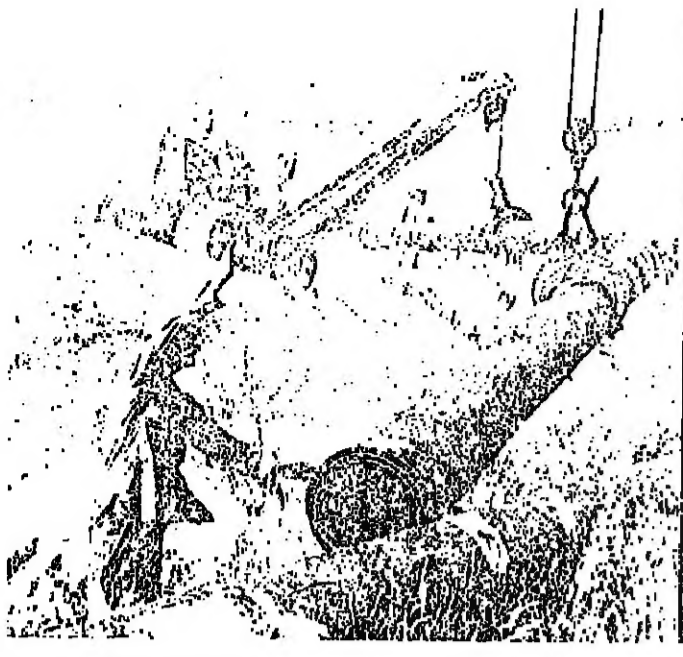
ISRAEL BIBLE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL  
P.O.B. 568, JERUSALEM.

## SPEAK HEBREW — THE SABRA WAY

YOU TOO CAN LEARN HEBREW THE EASY WAY by means of our unique Correspondence Course which reaches students in all parts of the free world. Fees include supply of all textbooks, study-material and air-mail return of your individually corrected lessons from Jerusalem.

Apply for full details and programme, by writing to: **E. WEISSBROT, HEBREW TUTORIAL INSTITUTE**  
2 Ben Yehuda, P.O.B. 1259, Jerusalem.

Member, European Home-Study Council.  
Member, Intern. Council of Correspondence Education.



Laying water pipes to Jerusalem, to supply the needs of a growing city.

# Drought and rain in Jerusalem

AVRAHAM B. RIVLIN, a member of the veteran Jerusalem family, describes the water problems faced by the city before the turn of the century.



A barefoot water carrier in Jerusalem, in the 1880s.

WATER shortage was one of the greatest problems of the constantly increasing population of Jerusalem in the second half of the 19th century. Even under the British Mandate, Jerusalemites suffered from it towards the end of almost every summer. This in spite of the fact that, as time went on, arrangements were made for a regular water supply from springs near the city — King Solomon's Pools in the south and Ein Fara in the north-east.

As a rule the cisterns held water only until the middle of the summer, or a little longer. Once they ran dry, people had to buy their water from the Arab water-vendors who roamed the lanes and alleys of the Old City with goatskin containers slung on their backs. The price of the precious fluid varied according to conditions.

My grandfather, Rabbi Yosef Rivlin, recounted years later that at the Seder service, the Jews used wine to wash their hands, because hardly any water was obtainable. But in the middle of the Seder, heavy rain suddenly began to fall; it continued almost without ceasing for the entire festival.

According to Rabbi Haim Hamburger in his book "Shlosha Olamot" ("Three Worlds"), Jerusalem suffered another severe drought in 1884, following plentiful autumn rains. The rains (first rain) that year had fallen very early, on Yom Kippur night, when all the Jews were at synagogue. The rains turned the streets into quagmires and prevented many of the worshippers, who in accordance with tradition wore only stockings or slippers on their feet, from returning home. But thanks to this strong early rain the cisterns did not run completely dry later on, and the drought was not as severe as the one two years earlier.

In 1887, the rains were delayed until February and the rabbis decreed a fast and forbade all work in the afternoons. While the various congregations were assembled for special prayers in their synagogues, the sick darkened and rain started falling. The worshippers broke out with the Hallel prayer of praise and thanksgiving, and Rabbi Hamburger describes how, at the Hurva Synagogue, the congregation celebrated with brandy and halva.

## Iyar's 3 festivals of freedom

THE month of Iyar falls wholly within the days of the Omer, the days of Seifra (counting) between Pesach and Shavuot. During the period of the Temple, when we dwelt in our own land, these days must have been days of joy and happiness. "Winter is past; the rain is over and gone. The flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle dove is heard in the land. The fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the tender grapes give a fragrant odour" (Song of Songs, 2:11-13).

Whence did this people derive its obstinate stiff-neckedness? In our evening prayer, we recite that God "brought out his people Israel from Egypt to everlasting freedom." No matter what the extent of his physical subjection, despite the fact that such rights as he had were dependent on the legal doctrine that he was a "slave of the (royal) chamber," the Jew never allowed the sacred spark of freedom which glowed deep down in his breast to be entirely extinguished. He was brought up on the doctrine that the Jew must be free from servitude to man in order to be free for the service of God; the yearning for freedom which found its expression on the first Passover remained "everlasting." And when the time came, that spark burst into bright, burning flame and brought about, in the most unpromising circumstances, the emergence of the State 24 years ago and the brilliant victory of the Six Day War 19 years later.

THE War of Bar-Kochba was not only the last revolt of the Jews against the mightiest world power of the time, the mightiest empire the world had yet known, the Roman Empire; it was equally the last revolt of any nation or people subject to Rome. When all the other nations which made up that Empire — Syria and Egypt, France and Spain, Britain and Greece and the rest — had come to terms with their subjection, this small but indomitable people, only 60 years after the crushing blow of the Jewish War and the destruction of the Temple, raised the standard of revolt again and succeeded in driving the Romans out of the country, and even in re-establishing the independent State, even if it lived only four years.



Yeshivat Hakotel

In these excerpts from his book describing the fighting in Jerusalem during the Six Day War (The Battle for Jerusalem. New York: Jewish Publication Society. 471 pages. \$6.50) Post staffer ABRAHAM RABINOVICH describes the military activity on Monday, June 5, 1967, leading up to the launching of the attack.

ALL day long the projector crew had waited apprehensively in the Histadrut Building for nightfall, when they would go into action. In lighting up targets for the artillery observers, the men knew they themselves would become the principal target in Jewish Jerusalem. Dennis Silk, the post, had always believed that in peacetime a searchlight unit was a suitable assignment for an "artiste" like himself, but that in war the job carried exceptional hazards. He had worked as a proofreader at The Jerusalem Post but vividly recalled a story he had once heard describing a retaliation raid against a Syrian position. The Syrians had thrown on a projector which was eliminated by Israeli fire in 20 seconds. Dennis had already been assigned to a searchlight unit at the time, and he had read the story with a sense of empathy for the Syrian crew. Now it was his turn.

At 7.45 p.m., just after total darkness the crew was ordered into action. The projectors were hauled out of their enclosures and trundled into the open. Dennis felt an unexpected exhilaration in the physical effort of pushing his projector up a ramp and into battle. Jerusalem was spread out below him in the throes of apocalypse. Every quarter in the Jewish part of the city was being pounded by shells. Tracers reached toward each other across no-man's-land, and flames hung suspended on the horizon. An officer on the roof shouted, "Light!" and ducked behind the parapet. Like a man pulling the switch of an electric chair Dennis reached up and yanked the projector handle.

MIKE Roman in the Pagi trench saw the light suddenly flick on, illuminating the Arab position at the Police Training School opposite him. Far to the rear there was the sound of guns firing, and seconds later the area in the spotlight erupted in smoke and flying debris. The light switched off, but before the explosion had grown accustomed to the night again the projector was holding another position in its glare. For the men in the trench, who had endured an unremitting pounding from the Jordanians since morning, the sight was euphoric. It was as if someone were putting a giant finger on their foreheads and crushing them. A massive barrage hit Shuafat to the north, where Jordanian 25-pound shells had been firing. The enemy shells hit just behind the Pagi trench, making an ugly clanking sound before exploding. The shells were red hot and coming in so low that Mike could read his watch by their glow.

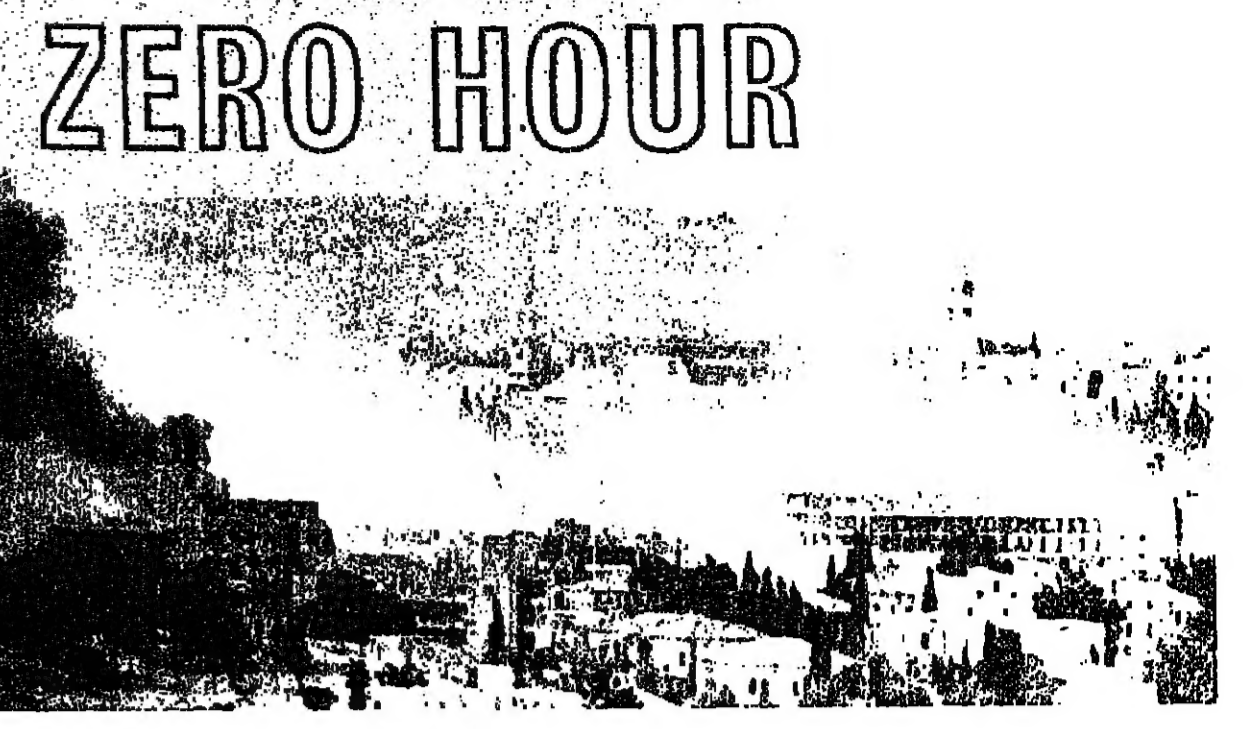
THE Israeli counterbarrage — delivered with only a portion of the guns available — was largely confined to the northern edge of the city and failed to revive weary troops along other parts of the line. Shells had snapped communication lines, and some of the troops knew nothing more than what the volunteer, a Moroccan-born one of them having volunteered for the steady mortar fire, but in lighting the beacon they would expose themselves to the Jordanian front-line positions. Two young unarmored soldiers were chosen. The volunteer, a Moroccan-born one of them named Daron, took off his boots to make less noise as he shelling all around them, and what crossed within hearing of the they could see was a small but Jordanian positions. The two sol-

steadily growing number of casualties slipped out of the building and sprinted across to the field and started a fire in the stubble. They returned safely to the building only to look back and see that the fire had died. They ventured out again. This time when they returned to the building the sky was red behind them.

Along the city line other men left the security of blockhouses to man forward listening posts which offered little or no cover. At the principal blockhouse near Mandelbaum Gate, Lieutenant Gensel made use of the hidden door shown him by the neighborhood children to place two men on the far side of the fire wall facing no-man's-land. These lookouts could see up and down the street, which constituted no-man's-land, and warn against any attempt by Arab sappers to place charges against the apartment building (where the basement shelter was filled with residents) or against the blockhouse itself. Except for the darkness, however, the pair were naked to the enemy positions, and when they were spotted and fired on during the night they were obliged to pull back.

With the coming of darkness, the Jordanians had begun putting heavy fire on the Mandelbaum Gate crossing, the only direct road connection between the two halves of the city. Their evident concern that an attack might be launched from this direction was warranted, since the paratroopers had indeed contemplated such a move. Inside the Mandelbaum customs post, the men could feel the walls shake from mortar explosions, and a door on the first floor was blown in. Shells crashed through the roof of the "Pope's shed," the large hangar-like construction put up outside the building at the time of the Pontiffs' visit. The Jordanians nervously sent up flares over the crossing every few moments, and the men at the windows twisted back into the shadows until the light had died.

Except for the passing flare-light it was black inside the building, and men had to feel their way along the walls. When a soldier at an upstairs firing hole was killed, his body was passed down the reopened staircase to the first floor only with considerable difficulty. Near midnight, movement was spotted on the Jordanian side of the crossing. Captain Nitzan, the cool, young Jerusalemite commandeer, called for shelling to break up a possible attack. Headquarters asked for a fire to be lit in the field on the edge of no-man's-land, to serve as a marker for the artillery spotter. The assignment was extremely hazardous. Not only would the men carrying it out be exposed to the steady mortar fire, but in lighting the beacon they would expose themselves to the Jordanian front-line positions. Two young unarmored soldiers were chosen. The volunteer, a Moroccan-born one of them named Daron, took off his boots to make less noise as he shelling all around them, and what crossed within hearing of the they could see was a small but Jordanian positions. The two sol-



# ZERO HOUR

On the roof of the Histadrut Building, it seemed to Dennis Silk — still alive, to his amazement — that the Jordanian shelling pattern reflected hysteria. It was almost as if frustrated Arab Legion gunners were indulging in a grudge and trying to inflict as much damage on Jewish Jerusalem as they could after waiting 19 years for the opportunity. There seemed little military purpose to the shells exploding across the city. His own projector, the only visible object in the entire Jerusalem area and an obvious military target, had been almost totally ignored.

The difference in the shelling pattern, Dennis felt, reflected the intellectual difference between the opponents. The Arabs were venting their passions without any apparent plan. Out in the darkness the Jewish gunners were waiting silently under fire to deliver their blow at the telling moment.

ALL day Monday, two platoons of Jerusalem Brigade tanks had sat immobile in the Jerusalem Corridor, where they had been left by Major Aaron when he had taken the main elements of the tank company into the city that morning. The detachment — had rolled back the camouflage netting at the sound of the sirens, but except for a few ranging shots they had not begun firing until dusk — and then only sporadically.

Night had just settled when the valley was suddenly lit by powerful projectors. Under Mayor Kollek's beautification programme, landmarks, including the Monastery of the Cross, were illuminated by floodlights which came on automatically after dark. No one had remembered to turn these off. Seizing the opportunity for direct action, the mortar men grabbed rifles and Uzis and opened up on the projectors until they were shattered and the valley was again wrapped in darkness.

Missed target

About 20 shells had landed in the valley during the day without causing damage, although one had exploded only six metres from an ammunition dump. The mortar men could not understand why their batteries, the principal artillery support for the Israeli forces in Jerusalem, had been so easily viewed from heavily-travelled Ruppin Road during the past two weeks, could hardly have been a secret to the Arabs, especially since a Russian diplomat was known to have seen it. If the Jordanians had put a couple of hundred shells into the small valley, instead of pounding the surrounding residential neigh-

The tank officers were summoned to the basement of the Evalinu de Rothschild School in Rehov, to which Jerusalem Brigade headquarters had been shifted from Schneller. Passing through an outer room equipped with a battery of telephones, they entered the brigade war room.

General Narkiss was telling a joke when they walked in, but nobody seemed to laugh. A girl soldier served coffee to staff officers from the Jerusalem and paratroop brigades who sat around the table. In contrast to Narkiss's jauntiness, Gur looked solemn. Rafi introduced himself to the paratroop commander, who briefly outlined the general plan of attack. One of the tank officers asked Gur when the battle would begin and he said, "Perhaps close to eleven."

Handwritten text in Arabic script at the bottom right corner.

(Continued from page 19)

50 metres or more, but opposite Beit Yisrael they almost touched, virtually eliminating the danger of mines, which the paratroopers feared had been laid between the fences.

In the northern breakthrough area Colonel Joseph and his commanders waited until darkness before approaching the border. Accompanied by Rafi and the tank officers, they entered a skinned building directly opposite the Police Training School, 150 metres away. An old man praying in a corridor offered to guide them upstairs, but an officer said, "No, abba. Just go downstairs to the shelter."

Joseph, who had to pick a breakthrough point, looked out from the darkened apartment at a discouraging scene. Streams of tracers rained from dozens of bunkers running the length of the enemy line. The ground sloped gently upwards from the Israeli side, rising abruptly beneath the enemy positions in a steep five-metre-high bank. His men would be moving up a slope straight into fire from the concrete bunkers. North of the Police Training School, no-man's-land was dominated by the massed bunkers of Ammunition Hill, whose fire could devastate any attacking force. South of the Police Training School there was the added physical obstacle of the fire wall built atop the earthen bank by the Jordanians during the previous two weeks. Behind this on a slight rise was an entrenched position dubbed "Yellow Blanket."

(One day a yellow blanket had been seen hanging out the window of a fortified house in the centre of the trench complex.)

Joseph decided to aim the attack at the southern corner of the Police Training School itself. Here they would be shielded by the width of the school from Ammunition Hill to the north, while the fire will to the south would not be a hindrance since it stopped just short of the building. By attacking at this point, the men of the Sixth would have to contend only with a score of bunkers dominating the crossing point and random hazards like mines and artillery fire.

Artillery, indeed, might be the decisive factor. At some moment the battalion would have to commit itself and move into the open across no-man's-land. If the Jordanian guns caught them, the battalion could be shredded in minutes. But the paratroopers hoped that the Israeli bombardment just prior to the assault — by artillery, mortars, and Rafi's tanks — would stun the Legionnaires in the bunkers sufficiently to permit the troops to close on the enemy trenches.

As for the mines, at least 50 metres separated the two enemy fences, but it would take too long to attempt to blow a way through this probable minefield with bangalore. The Israeli Army had adopted a straightforward tactic for such situations — the assault force would run through the field in single file. If the lead man stepped on a mine, the men behind would keep moving. In any event, the bulk of the force would make it across.

AS was besting in a new, middle-class neighbourhood, the most distinguishing landmark in Beit Hakerem was the

supermarket facing Denmark Square. The brigade had split up here after its arrival at dusk, each battalion spreading out along a different street, funneling into the square. Some of the men lay in building corridors and tried to sleep. Many were invited into apartments by residents, who plied them with food and coffee. They sat on the floor chatting and sometimes sipping, then growing silent to hear a news bulletin. Housewives put fresh sheets on beds and invited the soldiers to rest, even with their boots on. Although many of the residents had been too frightened all day to leave the shelters to go to their apartments, women now went out into the streets with trays of food and drink for those soldiers who had not come inside.

Some of the paratroopers descended to the shelters out of curiosity. They had been vaguely aware that the cities might be targets in the war, but they were taken aback by the sight of women, children, and elderly men huddled in the light of candles and listening to the thump of shells. A trembling old man in one shelter asked a soldier whose guns were firing. The soldier had no idea, but he patted the man on the shoulder and assured him that they were Jewish guns.

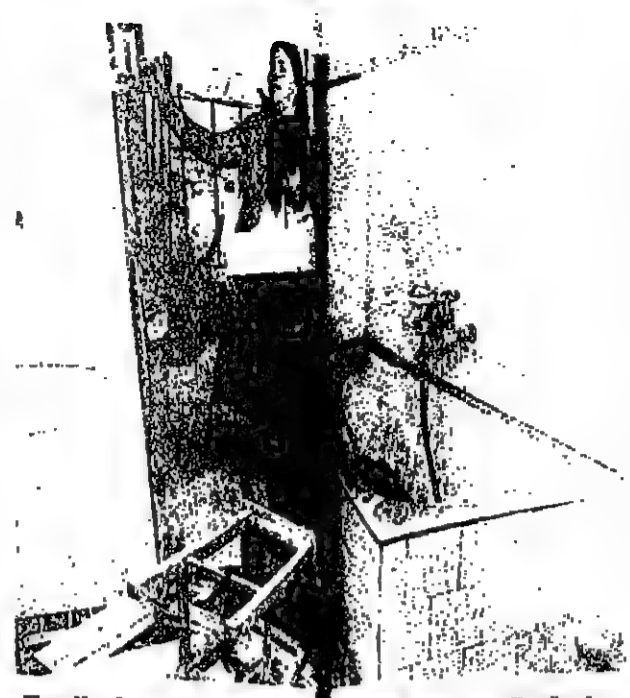
Not all the soldiers appearing in the shelters were strangers. In a crowded Beit Hakerem basement Aviva Goren, a stunning, dark-haired beauty, was sitting with her two young children when a helmeted soldier entered in full battle gear, grenades dangling from his belt. It was her husband, a staff officer of the Eighth Battalion. The children and neighbours ran to him, but

Aviva could not move. They had only a moment to look at each other across the room before he turned and hurried back to his headquarters. (Several hours later he would be lying in a street a few miles away, blinded in one eye.)

Most of the soldiers took advantage of the telephones made available to them by the Beit Hakerem residents. Lieutenant Raviv of the Seventh, a Jerusalemite who had been mobilized immediately upon his return from a European honeymoon two weeks earlier, telephoned his wife on the other side of town. When she told him Jerusalem was being heavily shelled he said, "Really?" in as surprised a tone as he could muster. He declined to tell her where he was, but from the clear connection she guessed that he was not very far away.

A dentist on Sderot Herzl invited dozens of men into his house to use the phone. Some men, protesting that his phone bill would run into hundreds of pounds, tried to pay him. Not satisfied with making his phone available, the dentist called out to the men on the darkened street, asking if anyone was having trouble with his teeth. At least one soldier was seen submitting himself to an examination by flashlight.

The three battalion staffs had set up temporary headquarters in apartments made available to them by people in the shelters. Risking the wrath of civil-defence wardens, who had been enforcing a strict blackout, the officers covered the windows with blankets and switched on the lights. Maps were spread over the



Family inspects shell crater at 1,000 hit by Jordanian artillery on the first day of fighting.

tables, and the women of the house, including those from the neighbouring apartments, served drinks and food.

At 10 Rehov Beit Hakerem taken over the apartment. The staff of the Seventh Battalion, taken over the apartment. The staff of the Seventh Battalion, taken over the apartment. The staff of the Seventh Battalion, taken over the apartment.

signment, did not finish his plan until 11:30. He had first assigned the fence-husting operation to the company led by Captain Dodik — a kibbutznik from Gonen in the Galilee — which was to have performed a similar job in the cancelled drop at Tel Aviv. After Dodik had already passed word to his officers to prepare bangalores, the plan was changed. Respected by his fellow officers as an especially forceful leader, Dodik would instead get first crack at the enemy trenches. His men would cross no-man's-land after another company, Captain Giora's, had blown a path through the fences.

Ammunition Hill was assigned to Captain Dedi, a young officer who would be getting the toughest position in Jerusalem in his first crack at combat.

Unlike the other two battalion commanders, Colonel Yussif of the Eighth found himself confronted with what looked like a fairly easy mission. Not only would he be spared the necessity of making his own breakthrough, but according to intelligence he should reach his principal target — Rockefeller Museum — virtually without a fight, once he had brought his men across no-man's-land. It was the probable second stage of the battle, it seemed, which held the danger and the glory. By ordering the Eighth to take the museum directly across from the Old City wall, Gur was placing Yussif in position to assault the Old City itself. He told Yussif to be prepared for an order to break in through Herod's Gate, 200 metres from the museum. Such an order would have to await decision at the highest political level.

While it was seniority that had won Yussif's battalion the coveted position at the gates of ancient Jerusalem (a position which the tide of battle would subsequently ignore), the unit was treated like a poor relation by the brigade when it came to distribution of the vital aerial photographs of the target area. The photos — taken by the light planes which had cruised over the city during the previous two weeks — were the basic material on which the commanders would have to rely in their planning and in finding their way during the battle itself. Jordanian bunker and trench positions invisible to the naked eye were drawn on the photos by intelligence. Street names and other landmarks were also indicated, so that the officers could orient themselves when they pushed into the heart of the enemy half of the city. But after photos had been distributed to Uzi and Joseph's breakthrough battalions, there were only two left for all of Yussif's battalion. His officers crowded around them trying to memorize the area they would be fighting in. It was a hopeless task.

The other battalions were not much better off. While they had more photos to go around, there simply was not enough time to study them.

DEDI assembled his officers beside a bus and in the faint illumination from the door light showed them an aerial photo of Ammunition Hill. "Fellas, we have to take this," he said. Of the five officers gathered around him, three would be dead

within a few hours and the other two wounded. One of the platoon commanders had a minute with the photostat and made a quick pencil sketch of the enemy trenches.

After briefing their officers, the company commanders addressed the troops. In the portico of an apartment building, Dodik explained to his men what lay ahead in a clear, calm briefing that made the mission seem almost matter-of-fact. They would be passing through a minefield, he said. Nobody was to stop to pick up wounded. If the man in front of you falls, he said, step on him and keep moving.

Captain Giora, whose company would have the vital breakthrough assignment, found his men already inside the two buses that would carry them to the front. His deputy told the drivers to shut off the motors as Giora mounted each vehicle to address the men. "Our job is the breakthrough," he said. "It's a difficult one but we will break the fences at all costs."

Lieutenant Yoram, one of the officers from Dedi's company, held an aerial photograph of Ammunition Hill against a street billboard while his men gathered to look at it by flashlight. The photo was too small and too dark for them to see anything. "Perhaps there will be Arabs on the hill, perhaps not," Yoram said.

Supply officers, meanwhile, had been bringing up equipment and ammunition obtained from the Jerusalem Brigade armouries. Extra grenades were tucked into pouches or hung from belts. The northern breakthrough force found itself short of bangalores.

Taking a flashlight, Doron, the battalion commander of the Sixth, parked along Sderot Herzl for half an hour until he found one containing the explosives.

Lt.-Col. Stempel, the brigade's second-in-command, spread a map on the hood of a truck and showed Dr. Jack the two prongs of the attack. The brigade medical officer picked the streets where he would set up aid stations in support of each thrust. "Nu, Stempel," said a passing officer, "we're going to take Jerusalem." Stempel, a stout professional soldier responded not with banter but with a challenge. "That depends on you."

When the hour of attack approached, Gur shifted his command post to the roof of a yeshiva on Yael Street overlooking both the northern and southern prongs. Three bus convoys moved out from Beit Hakerem from the front, each carrying a paratroop battalion. Along the city line Jerusalem Brigade soldiers manning the blockhouses were ordered to open diversionary fire at 2 a.m. The trench positions north of Mandelbaum Gate, however, would hold their fire, to avoid hitting the paratroopers who would be moving across their front.

The artillery officer coordinating all Jerusalem Brigade artillery and heavy mortars paced the roof of the Histadrut Building like a restless conductor as he checked his batteries. One reported that it was not quite ready. "The whole State of Israel," said the officer, "is waiting for you."

In the Valley of the Cross, the mortar men rose to their guns.

# discover decorating freedom with the systemette

Danish modern storage walls created with combinations of these beautifully crafted units. We'll design it for you - large or small, tall or short. Complete a wall of fill just a niche... all in elegant white or crisp red, blue or green. And you can add stunning matching furniture that includes coffee and dinette tables, sofas, easy chairs, beds.

WALL COMPONENTS ARE ALSO AVAILABLE IN TEAK & WALNUT, at slightly higher prices - Prices indicated apply to white.

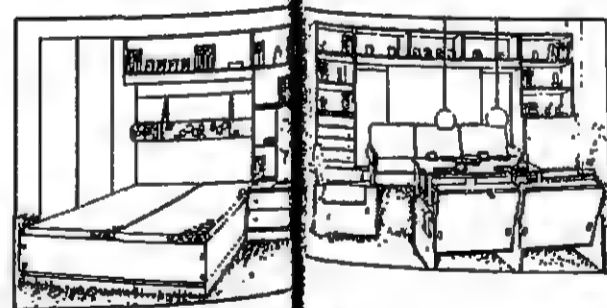
Enjoy free installation and assembly on all "Systemet" purchases, plus Danish Interiors free home delivery service.

Visit one of the four branches of Danish Interiors now and bring your wall measurements. You'll be delighted with the "Systemette" and hundreds of other exciting items for all the rooms of your home - superb design, superb value.

ALL UNITS CAN BE PURCHASED INDIVIDUALLY

**danish interiors**

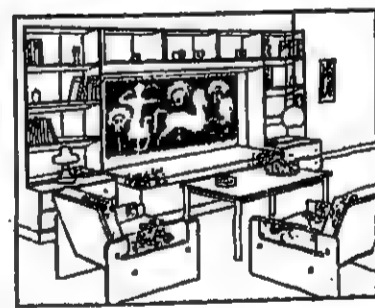
Ramat Gan: Derech Jabotinsky 104  
Tel Aviv: Trumpeldor 26  
Haifa: Horev 53, Ahuzat  
Jerusalem: Hasoreg 3 opp. Bank Israel  
Copenhagen: Scandinavia  
Trade Centre (furniture) Phone (01) 3211



- Wardrobe IL 415.-
- Base for wardrobe IL 754.-
- Bookcase for hanging IL 1092.-
- Bookcase with shelf IL 197.-
- Bookcase for ornaments IL 340.-
- Chest 2 drawers IL 46.-
- Base for chest IL 247.-
- Bed (140 x 190) IL 46.-
- Mattresses (2) 70 cm, each IL 167.-
- colorful covers IL 334.-
- Cushion 140cm, round back IL 136.-
- Bookcases IL 136.-
- Complete room illustrated IL 408.-
- IL 132.-
- IL 4011.-

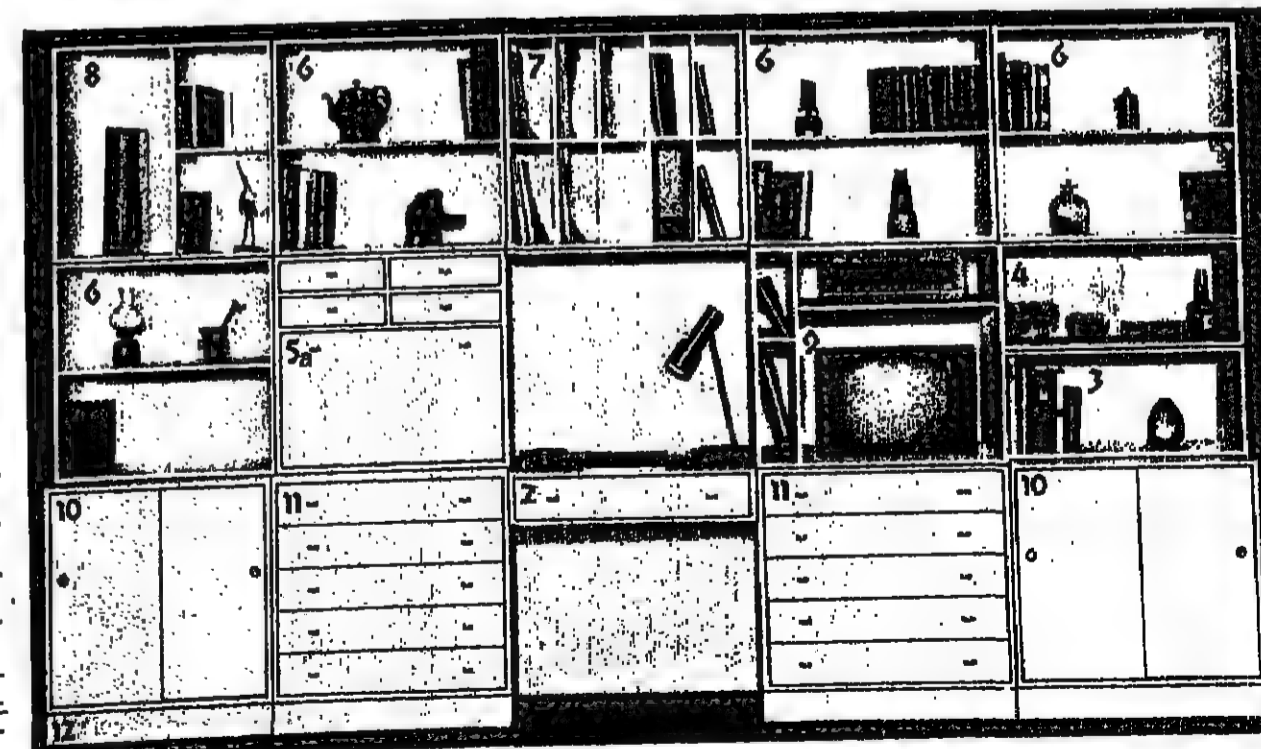
\$ 384.-

\$ 573.- Tax Free



- Easy chair IL 415.-
- Two chairs IL 830.-
- Sofa table IL 197.-
- Bed (70 x 190) IL 413.-
- Mattress - 70 cm., colorful cover IL 230.-
- Chest 2 drawers IL 230.-
- Two chests IL 460.-
- Base for chest IL 46.-
- Two bases IL 92.-
- Bookcase with shelf IL 167.-
- Four bookcases IL 668.-
- Bookcase IL 136.-
- Three units IL 408.-
- Bridging unit IL 132.-
- Complete room illustrated IL 3430.-

\$ 490.- Tax Free



- |                                       |       |      |   |       |      |
|---------------------------------------|-------|------|---|-------|------|
| Unit 8 - Bookcase for ornaments       | 187.- | 26.- | Unit 7 - Bookcase for magazines and records | 214.- | 31.- |
| Unit 6 - Bookcase with shelf          | 167.- | 23.- | Unit 2 - Desk with drawer                   | 109.- | 16.- |
| Unit 10 - Cupboard with sliding doors | 247.- | 35.- | Unit 4 - Bookcase with glass doors          | 167.- | 24.- |
| Unit 12 - Base                        | 46.-  | 6.-  | Unit 3 - Bookcase                           | 121.- | 17.- |
| Unit 5a - Bar cabinet                 | 317.- | 45.- | Unit 9 - Unit for radio and TV              | 208.- | 30.- |
| Unit 11 - Chest of drawers            | 340.- | 48.- |   |       |      |

# Restoring the forests

THE Haftara of this Sabbath, the opening chapter of the prophet Hosea, tells the enigmatic story of the Divine command given to the prophet to marry a harlot. All his attempts to rehabilitate her prove fruitless; she proves to be a veritable nymphomaniac, and it is foretold that she will be deprived of all the material benefits which accrued to her from her activities. The threat is couched in the language of flora; the definitive verse with which I wish to deal is "and I will destroy her vines and her fig trees, whereof she hath said, 'These are my rewards that my lovers have given me, and I will make them a forest, and the beasts of the field shall eat them'" (2, 12).

This passage finds its close parallel in the beautiful Song of the Vineyard of Isaiah, where faithless Israel is warned, in similar terms, "I will tell you what I will do to my vineyard: I will take away the hedge thereof...

## TORA\* AND FLORA

and break down the wall thereof... and I will lay it waste... there shall come up briars and thorns" (5,5-6), except that in Hosea the vineyard will become a forest and in Isaiah *ba'ata*, translated "waste," but actually the wild undergrowth. These passages clearly indicate the processes of agricultural development and retrogression as they applied to ancient Israel. The conquest of Joshua was of the hill country; the coastal plain remained unconquered. Agricultural and settlement needs demanded the cutting down of the forests which covered the mountains, the clearing away of the undergrowth, and the levelling of terraces. Deforestation constituted progress; the encroaching of forests and the spreading of *ba'ata*, of "briars and thorns" naturally were signs of agricultural decay. No greater calamity could occur in the agricultural economy than the one-time fig orchards and vineyards becoming forests where "beasts of the field" would roam.

We are living through a period in the development of Israel, however, where the exact opposite process has become a virtue! Afforestation has become the order of the day; the spread of the *ba'ata*, the covering of the hillsides with wild plants and flowers delight the lover of nature. The "briars and thorns" painfully cleared away in ancient times are welcomed back with open arms; the increase in the herds of the "beasts of the fields" is included in the program of the Nature Preservation Society; the terraces no longer suitable for modern agricultural methods are slowly disintegrating. And as I tramp through the nearest site of this transformation, the Jerusalem Forest, or the hills of Judea generally, and amidst the ubiquitous pines I see relics of ancient vineyards and orchards, the ever denser undergrowth, the collapsed walls of the once-carefully tended terraces, and the sudden delight of a herd of gazelles leaping over the rocks. Often I think of this "ba'ata" as the reversal of the process of the area.

L. RABINOWITZ

# IT'S THE PENNIES



# THAT MAKE THE POUNDS

If you've got some money saved up—even a small amount—you should know that you can make a little extra by investing it.

**LONG TERM INVESTMENT**  
State of Israel DEVELOPMENT LOAN

your investment, which is for a period of years, is linked to the consumer prices index.

**SHORT TERM INVESTMENT**  
THE SHORT TERM LOAN

you can choose the length of time for your investment.

Available at all banks and from Stock Exchange Members

BANK OF ISRAEL

# MARKETING WITH MARTHA



To relaunch this column, which I haven't appeared for over a year, my editor suggested that I write about household budgets — in view of rising prices.

"Do you keep a household budget?" I asked her. "No," she admitted. "I'm just not the type."

Neither are most people, according to the random survey I made of practically everybody I know. A typical reply was, "I'm not a very good person to ask. I just buy what we need, and somehow it works out." Or sometimes it doesn't work out, and the familiar solution is to take on a little extra work for extra income, rather than cut expenditures.

For myself, it is the old story of the man who says he has given up smoking — many times. Ever hopeful, I have just started a new account book, neatly headed "May expenditures." By 9:15, May 1, it already had two entries: "Chewing gum — 10 agorot" and "Sticker-ten book — IL2.25." (Not a very suspicious beginning for keeping costs down to essentials.)

Housewives who budget conscientiously tell me that the first step is to keep such a record of all purchases for a few months. This is indispensable for getting a realistic picture of what the family's real needs are. Some people get their really spend that they abandon the project by mid-month, and go on about their blundering way as before, innocent and happy, and innocent. Those who persist get a written indicator on which to base future budgets, and see where they might economize.

There is, of course, a difference between economizing and budgeting. Almost all of us make some economies, whether or not we budget systematically. Depending on need, this may consist of stretching the hamburger with soy, or deciding to buy either Time or Newsweek instead of both. It is helpful to remember that one could economize even a check at seeing how much such a check at seeing how much such extremes will not be necessary.

Some families prefer to make the wife's share slightly larger than she absolutely needs, as an incentive to economize and keep the left-over money for herself. Others choose the reverse psychological tactic of underbudgeting, with the understanding that the wife can come

to her husband for a little extra if necessary. Figures on budgets are not too meaningful, as income levels and life-styles vary greatly. I know mothers with two children who budget on less than IL400 a month (for the above "wife's share" items), and others who have to struggle to keep within IL800. (These figures do not apply to the working mother who has extra cleaning and child-care help at home.)

If you've never budgeted and want to try, people who do it tell me that careful bookkeeping is necessary only for the initial months. After that, you have a good idea of your spending patterns. There is an immediate side-benefit. The very act of jotting down every purchase keeps the shopper in tow. There is something unnerve about having to confess each sin of extravagance to a reproving notebook — and all the more so if one's husband is going to check the books.

There is also an educational aspect. "Sometimes it amazed me that I didn't know the prices of basic items — such as 100 grams of butter," said one friend who kept accounts for a while. When she satisfied herself that she wasn't living beyond her means, she stopped the paperwork, but much the wiser for the experience.

Usually the mere keeping of accounts is not sufficient to make the books balance. A family with four children recently found that while they were earning more than ever before, they could not make ends meet. They asked a professional accountant for advice, and after checking their records, he suggested they could economize mainly on food: They are not, by the way, extravagant eaters. The husband is a vegetarian (though this is not a major saving, I am told), and the wife and children use chicken and low-cost meat. But they do have an open-house atmosphere in their home, with guests frequently staying for meals. The accountant suggested they try to buy food in bulk quantities, at wholesale outlets and in the outdoor markets.

**Bulk buys**  
For large families, this can pay. There are, for example, biscuit factories that will sell bulk quantities (a kilo or two) to individuals. One of these is Hadar in Jerusalem, where you can get cookies in containers or bring-your-own, and choose whole or broken ones, with prices scaled accordingly. Bulk buying has its drawbacks, however. One problem is the limited storage space in most Israeli flats. Also, any such special shopping is more time-consuming than going to the neighborhood grocery. Time, especially for a working mother, may be as valuable as money.

**Incentive**  
Beware of false economies. A colleague tells me she was, for a time, driving once a week from Herzliya to Netanya to buy fruits and vegetables in the open-air market. She was feeling very virtuous for saving a few Nof until her husband pointed out that the petrol cost more than her savings. Still, if the produce is superior in quality, or if she enjoys the outing,

it might be reason enough to continue. The outdoor markets are not only for fruits and vegetables, though that is what comes to mind first. My household helper says she discovered that her favourite brand of face soap is significantly cheaper at the Carmel Market than at her corner grocery in Jaffa. Often meats are cheaper at butchers in and around the open-air markets. My mother-in-law finds chicken breast for IL4 a kilo at the *shuk* area when it is IL5 a kilo in North Tel Aviv. But if you are not familiar

## Budget blues

with a butcher in the market-places, it is advisable to ask around among friends and relatives (or perhaps your household helper) to get a recommendation of a reliable shop.

A side benefit of meat-shopping at the *shuk* is the discovery of a wider choice of produce — including duck, whole turkey, lamb — not often available at neighbourhood butchers.

Personally, what I enjoy shopping for most in the open-markets is clothing. Why should I spend IL12 for a shirt for a three-year-old to get a perfectly suitable one for IL5 off a market stall? This season's specials at that price include T-shirts emblazoned "Jody and Buffy," "The Slat," and "Popays" (occasionally spelled "Popay"). *Shuk* shirts launder well, but tend to shrink, so buy accordingly.

**Champion shopper**  
If you have a flair for bargain-hunting, try rummaging through the women's wear on the market carts. The going-price for ladies' dresses (seven maxis) in the Carmel Market at present is IL30. Yes, you can bargain, though it doesn't always work these days. Some *shuk* dresses are recognizable leftovers from last season, but most seem to be new factory extras or export rejects, sometimes with a slight defect. I suspect there is more chance of finding an "exclusive" in the market-place than among the mass-produced dresses in regular shops. I know at least one elegant North Tel Aviv grandmother who buys her morning dresses at the market.

In the outdoor markets an economy, "No butter, only margarine; no certain preconditions should exist. One is easy access — either walking distance with a shopping cart, or a direct bus, your own car or a shared car pool. A shared taxi with friends might pay on a weekly basis. But if you have to hire a babysitter so you can go to market, you would be better off shopping in the neighborhood supermarket where baby care comes along.

On the other hand, if you really want to do a thoughtful job of shopping, try to leave the kids out of it altogether. It is very hard to concentrate on which tin of tuna is cheapest while trying to see that baby doesn't knock over the whole shelf of tins. Or perhaps a shoplift a box of strawberries — unless absolutely necessary. My 16-month-old has done. Other children undermine economy in their own way. Three-year-old Tamara, a veteran consumer, has an insidious habit of inflating her grocery bill. Everything looks good to her in the store — particularly coloured yoghurt, which she refuses to eat once home.

There are endless ways to economize on the grocery bill, depending on the nature of one's pocket-book and household. What one family considers prudent economy, another would consider miserliness. It is a matter of degree. I, for one, rarely buy any imported food products. I am not even tempted by the rows of foreign jams or cheeses or sweets or breakfast cereals, but find the local products perfectly satisfactory. The same goes for local wines, brandies and now even whiskey in our household. But this is minor food economy compared to that of a friend of mine who sticks to such rules as: form.

# Nur Haz News

WANT TO KNOW ISRAEL — THE "REAL" ISRAEL? DO IT — THE "KIBBUTZNIK" WAY BY BIKE!



- RACERS • SEMI-RACERS
  - SPORTS • LIGHTWEIGHTS
  - COLLAPSIBLES
- DUTY FREE CENTER  
ISRAEL — THE FAMILY LAND  
BIKE RIDING — THE FAMILY SPORT!



# Aled Knits an Israel Specialty at Tzuran's

TEL AVIV: 129 Shingoff Rd • 31 Allenby Rd • Dan Hotel • Shergaton Hotel • Hilton Hotel • Herzliya Accadia Grand Hotel • Netfay • Dan Carmel Hotel • Recommended by the Ministry of Tourism

# 'Youth to youth' directs itself

By Lea Levavi

TEL AVIV. — which Rami, and 5,000 other teenagers like him, belong.

IN a corner of the cluttered shelter in a Tel Aviv area slum, two ten-year-old boys are gambling. Then Rami — a high school junior who spends two afternoons a week trying to keep these slum youngsters off the streets — walks over to the gamblers. He gives them 15 enough. They are embarrassed. An eleven-year-old boy opposite them, who was about to light a cigarette, changes his mind.

"We try to change their ways by being their friends and making them want to identify with us," explained Dalia Rosenstock, national president of Noar L'Noar (Youth For Youth) — the organization to

And it works, Dalia added. "At least while we're there, they don't gamble or smoke." The particular project she was describing was work in the Josephthal section of Petah Tikva. Dalia lives in Petah Tikva and is chairman of Noar L'Noar in that town besides being national president. When Dalia and the other volunteers first went to Josephthal, they had to play with the neighbourhood children in the street and brought balls and toys from home, because these children had none of their own.

Once the children (aged 8 to 12) proved interested, the enthusiastic

Noar L'Noar volunteers went to the mayor and asked to use a shelter as a clubhouse; the existing youth club was occupied by older boys who refused to admit younger children "and who weren't very desirable examples for the younger children anyway."

The shelter was provided and the project was so successful that several older boys, formerly in the "undesirable" crowd, offered to help. They turned out to be so good that Noar L'Noar invited them to join, though these boys neither work nor study and the organization's members are usually high school students. "We don't normally dare to work with people our own age but here's a case where we

even helped 18-year-old boys," Dalia told me.

The scene in the Josephthal shelter is only one of many such activities conducted by Noar L'Noar's 16 branches around the country. Work with slum youth—including tutoring—is one of the organization's two major projects this year. The other is immigrant absorption. "Sure, some of us object to the immigrants getting so much, but that doesn't mean we should punish the immigrant. If we want to protest, we should protest to the government." The organization has not protested though the organizational meeting of its newest chapter, Tiberias, violently objected to a lecture by a new immigrant. Instead of letting him speak, they complained about immigrants' benefits.

## Poor speaker

"It was too bad for the poor speaker, but I think the very fact that they got excited about something shows they will be an active chapter, even if they don't help in immigrant absorption."

There are plenty of other things for members to do: volunteer work at hospitals and Magen David stations, special projects such as gathering old clothes for the poor, collecting and distributing gifts on the holidays.

These youngsters — who dug trenches and cleaned streets during the Six Day War — are always ready to respond to new needs and emergencies. "This is an organization which directs itself," explained Yehuda Brel, Director of Social Education for the Tel Aviv-Jaffa Municipality's Education Department — and National Coordinator of Noar L'Noar. "There are grown-ups as counsellors and coordinators, of course, but it is really Dalia, not I, who runs the organization."

Why does a 17-year-old high school junior like Dalia give so much of her time to Noar L'Noar? "The truth is that not all teenagers join," she told me. "Many are just too lazy. Why should they give private lessons without getting paid? Why should they go work in slums? But some of us do want to do something, and do want challenges."

## Respect now

At first, Dalia's own friends thought she was crazy for getting so involved. But now most of them are in Noar L'Noar themselves, or at least respect the idea. Other youth movements offer organized social activity "but everyone is tired of that by eighth grade." Besides, many of the youth movements try to train members for kibbutz life and those who are not interested in that goal "don't want to obligate themselves." Until this year, Noar L'Noar was community service-oriented only. Now for the first time some social activity is being added, such as a recent Sports Day.

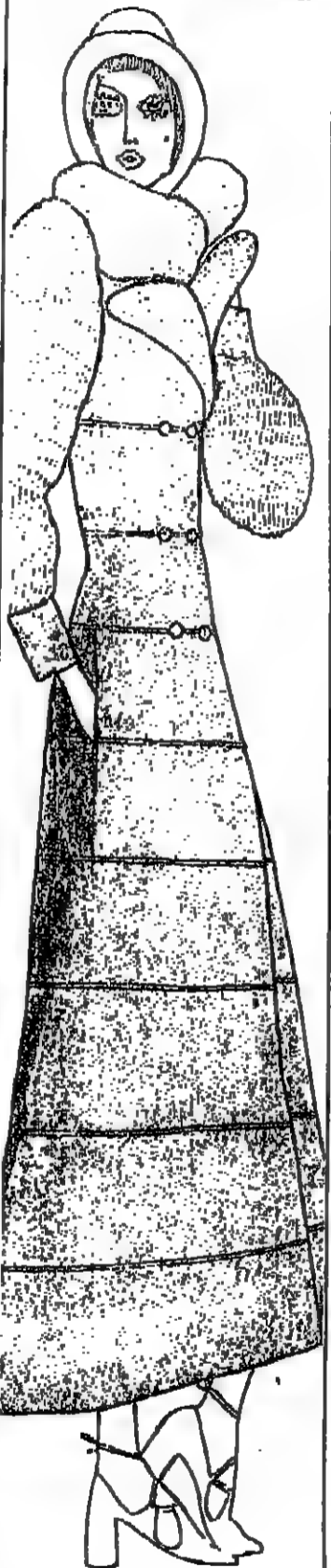
Dalia thinks people her age should be interested in the nation's problems "but mainly in those we can do something about... We can get upset about public scandals or bribes, but what can we do? Sign another petition, write another letter?" Major public issues are discussed at school, and to some extent in Noar L'Noar, but Dalia prefers action to words.

In Dalia's class, students staged a trial to decide if the Haak Fashers were right or wrong. No decision was reached. "Maybe we learned something; the principal told us how many children in the school were on welfare and the town

## TOURISTS!!

From door to door with Beged Ori No schlepping... no customs headaches We do it all as part of our service.

And would you believe?... All this in addition to the special 30% tourists' reduction! Too good to be true? That's what they say about Beged Ori garments too!



touch it, then wear it at home...

10 — noon 8 — midnight  
15 Simtat Mazal Dagim  
Old Jaffa/Tel Aviv  
Tel. 828169

Beged Ori

## GARDEN HINTS FOR May

By Della Cohen

DURING this month roses are at their best. It is worth while taking good care of them, enjoying them as long as possible for their beauty, colouring and fragrance.

One of the best beloved flowers in the world, the rose was known throughout the ages, even in North America where fossilized blossoms were discovered.

The Egyptians, the Babylonians, the Greeks, the Jews and particularly the Romans cultivated the rose with passion in the famous rose gardens of Macedonia, Asia Minor and Italy. In recent years, and escaping emphasis has shifted away from private gardens to public parks and roads. Here in Jerusalem, the rose lover can enjoy this favourite plant in every corner of the town.

The Polyantes, producing small flowers in large clusters, with their massed colour and easy maintenance, have invaded the streets of the Capital, the edges of the play areas in parks and public gardens as well as the beds in the middle of the central squares in town.

### Modern roses

Today roses differ greatly from those of ancient times. It was a long and difficult process to obtain the modern varieties from the old species. At the end of last century, new varieties were created by hybridizing existing species and crossing the original 125 species we now have 30,000 different varieties. To create a new species, four years are needed to obtain the first flower. Every variety is tested for three years to be ready for "patent" and sale.

Mass production methods have brought the cut flower of the rose into every home in the world at every season of the year. Some of the varieties on sale at the flower shops, such as the "Baccarat," need special systems of cultivation to give perfect results, but there are many "classic" easy growing plants which every gardener should cultivate with satisfaction.

### In the garden

If you wish to cultivate roses mainly for cut flowers, you should choose a separate corner of the garden because rose shrubs are not very

aesthetic when they are not covered with blossom. For cutting flowers it is preferable to choose the hybrids tea and the "grandiflora," a class of roses resulting from crosses between "Floribunda" and hybrids tea, because of the perfection of the flower form. The plants are vigorous and flowers carry long stems.

Some examples of the big choice of "classic" and recent varieties of roses, suitable for cut flowers are: De-budding: To obtain big beautiful roses we have to leave only one flower on each branch, by pinching the lateral buds when they are small.

Cutting flowers is a form of pruning. Cut off enough of the stem to provide support in the vase, but not so much that it deprives the growing plant of needed leaves. Leave at least two sets of leaves on the branch from which the flower has been cut.

Fertilizing and watering: Apply a chemical fertilizer twice during the spring. Spread it around the plant, work it into the soil and water it in.

Soil irrigation in our climate is a necessary and an efficient way of applying water in quantity to one or several bushes at a time. When the weather is very dry, additional cultivation and abundant watering are needed. Rake over the soil to prevent its caking and to allow the soil to accept the water.

### On the terrace

Roses and especially climbing roses should be a favourite plant for terrace gardeners, but many profes-

## ROSES



"Peace," fragrant yellow-pink flowers. Very adaptable.

"President Hoover," another colour, fine for cutting.



"Super Star," one of the best, orange flowers.



"Blue moon," a newcomer. Flowers a rare white-blue.

THE NEW SUMMER 1972 MODELS HAVE APPEARED



CREATIONS OF GIULIO PUCCI Fashion House Old Jaffa, 13 Netiv Hamaslot Tel. 24459

NEW IMMIGRANTS DIPLOMATS AND HOTELS

## CARPETS

SYTOMAC OFFERS YOU THE MAGIC CARPET OF THE CENTURY

FRENCH GOLD CUP 1964  
GOLD MEDAL INTERNATIONAL LEIPZIG FAIR 1969  
\*\* FLOTEX IS NOW IN ISRAEL \*\*

New in Israel. The revolutionary carpet you have been waiting for. Used in the most elegant European homes and leading hotels. Remarkable resistance (used in PONDORLY visited by millions of people each year). Here are some of our carpet's features:

- Heat Proof — Cools your room in summer and warms it in winter (Specially designed for hot countries.)
- Rot Proof — Can be used in your bathroom or even outdoors round your swimming pool.
- Sound Proof — For universities and meeting halls. (You won't bother the neighbours when you have a party.)
- Anti-Static — Means less dust accumulation, which allows its use for computer offices.
- Fire tested — Centre Scientifique et Technique du Batiment accepted it as being highly suitable for use in high buildings.

MANY BEAUTIFUL COLOURS AND DESIGNED TO SUIT YOUR TASTE, CAN BE USED ON WALLS AND CEILINGS.

Its smooth and velvety surface is easy to clean. ONE WIPER WITH A WET CLOTH REMOVES ANY STAINS. IT'S NOT MAGIC, COME AND SEE US AND WE'LL PROVE IT TO YOU. LET'S FACE IT, YOU CAN'T ASK MORE FROM ANY CARPET AND, WHAT'S MORE, AT A PRICE YOU CAN AFFORD.

PLEASE CALL, WRITE OR PHONE TO:  
SYTOMAC ENTERPRISES  
15 REHOV FRISHMAN, TEL AVIV, TEL. 245288/9

אני עולה...  
חדש פארץ

(I AM A NEW OLEH)

... Save yourself time and money!  
We speak your language.

Competitive prices. A vast selection of Household appliances — from Refrigerators, Washing-machines, Dishwashers to Vacuum cleaners, Ventilators and Steam Irons. From T. V. 's, Stereo-sets to Cassette recorders and Radios and many more foreign and local makes of well known brands.

An Original gift will be yours on your first visit.

OLIMCO 22nd Floor - Shalom Tower - Tel-Aviv  
(9 Achad Haam St.) Telephone 50210



Cleans  
BATHTUBS  
CERAMIC TILES  
ENAMEL  
STAINLESS STEEL  
FORMICA  
MARBLE  
COUNTERTOPS ETC  
CONCENTRATED,  
EFFECTIVE,  
ECONOMICAL.  
SAVE THE ATOMIZER  
FOR THE NEXT BOTTLE.

Available at all Supermarkets, Supersols and self-service stores

summer is coming

MEETINGS IN ENGLISH  
IN JERUSALEM AND TEL AVIV

WEIGHT WATCHERS LTD.  
03 - 222131, 04 - 669600 AND YEDAPHON



From Maskit: IL147 is not unreasonable for a cotton maxi, its print and design executed exclusively for Maskit so that the print exactly follows the lines of the dress.

IL99 is the price of this Maskit halter-necked printed cotton dress which has a deep, bare back. Can be worn bra-less and comes in geometric and floral stripes.

# 'New maths' for summer fashions

By Catherine Rosenheimer  
Jerusalem Post Fashion Reporter

feeling the rise in prices — in our case, the rise is minimal, not more than 10 per cent. If you compare more standard items — we are selling Diolen Loft pants suits at IL129.95, fractionally more than last year; babies' nappies have gone up in price from IL13.25 to IL14.45, a standard, white, double-bed sheet by around IL2 more as compared to last year. These are not price changes which drastically affect the customers' purchasing power. As for how much the average Woman spends on clothes: all I can say is that there is no "average." A young typist may spend her entire monthly pay packet on clothes, while a mother with several children will budget quite differently. Obviously when a customer comes to Ata she is not looking for something extravagant and expensive — she knows she will find reasonably priced goods. Certainly you can say that the young are spending far more easily and carelessly than they were a few years ago — and that they are interested in fashionable styles, not simply something cheap to wear.

AT Hamashbir's recent anniversary fashion show, one of the strongest messages was that the store has plenty to offer for the older, fashion-conscious woman. Thus, I poked a wardrobe here geared as an all-purpose at-home, holiday and travel wardrobe for the woman whose tastes are neither very young nor middle aged.

The total spent on a very comprehensive range of clothes — most teenagers would be quite happy with less — was, I felt, very reasonable. The blazer — pictured here — comes in lots of different colours, can be teamed with pants or a pleated skirt; Ata also have a very good range of mix-and-match separates in attractive checked seersucker — blazers, pants and sleeveless tops which can be worn in a variety of combinations, together or teamed with co-ordinating plain separates — as for example the very reasonably priced vest top at IL2.40, available in a variety of colours.

The cotton/dacron draw-string waist summer dress with elasticated back and puff sleeves at IL37.95 was my best bargain buy — both fashion- and price-wise. I asked the Manager of Ata's Allenby Road store, Mr. Hemely, whether, in view of the current economic situation, he had noticed a change in the buying habits of customers: "I certainly don't think the customer is



From ATA IL37.95: Drawstring-waisted summer mini-dress in daisies has elasticated neckline and puff sleeves which can also be worn off-the-shoulder.

IL62.95 is the cost of a well-cut ATA blazer in cotton, with a striped flowerhead design in white on a black, red, brown or navy background. Very versatile.

quits different from those of a small boutique: there the fact that a style is "the last word" in fashion seemingly justifies the small store owner in increasing his profit margin because of the exclusivity," says Ruth Tetarko.

From the fashion angle, the Hamashbir range is a good one this year, including plenty of seersucker blazer suits, various versions of the smock, attractive embroidered jeans and matching T-shirts and plenty of other attractive styles. "When it comes to value, the customer will obviously pay less in a large department store than in a small boutique," says Ruth Tetarko. "I try to include as many high-fashion styles as possible in my collection — at the same time we have to draw the balance and cater for a mass market."

Comparing prices of similar items last year and this, an average cotton dress has risen from around IL65 to IL69, a cotton suit from between IL75 and IL80 to between IL89 and IL116.

One somewhat surprising aspect at Hamashbir is that, despite its large number of branches throughout the country, production of the store's own fashions is in fairly limited quantities — never more than about 100 of each style. "Although you could not call it mass production, our price calculations are



From Hamashbir Litzarohan: IL60 is the cost of this matching set of embroidered jeans and T-shirt — very popular now with teenagers and made in different colours with various embroidery designs.

IL119: Two-piece sleeveless pants suit in Trevira comes in a variety of red, white and blue combinations, giving it a hint of the fashionable sailor look.

# 'New maths' for summer fashions

(Continued from page 26)

ing a larger quantity of cheaper clothes:

Printed dress: IL147  
Halter neck, backless  
Printed cotton dress: IL 99  
Ballets smock dress: IL 25  
Striped, Arab-sleeves  
Fabric pants: IL 45  
TOP: IL 95

For just under IL400 I came up with a wardrobe which included a very good-looking well-cut cotton maxi dress which could cover almost anything from casual entertaining at home to more formal evening occasions; one of the best and coolest cotton summer dresses around, cut so as not to need a bra, very fashionable in style and very comfortable in the greatest heat with its open back — dressed up correctly, it could serve as a cocktail dress or, worn with sandals and simple accessories, as a useful every day dress.

The smock dress in granny-print, mid-floral cotton/dacron ballet

Complete HAIR REMOVAL by ELECTROLYSIS and short-wave system. 100% guarantee. Free Consultation "JARDENIA" (established 1947) 24 Rehov Bar-Kochba, Tel Aviv (near Kikar Dizengoff) Tel. 244882

NEW IMMIGRANTS Use your rights while you can. Order now — your Electric Oil Heater for the winter. Prices are unchanged. M. A. KATZ 42 Rehov Ibn Gvirol, Tel Aviv, Tel. 268412.

Maternity Wear Trouser Suits + Pinafors, Tunics Blouses and Evening Gowns. MASHA Open all day continuously 4A Rehov Hamelech George, 2nd floor, 2 Mercas Basel Haim (near Allenby), Tel Aviv, Tel. 612515.

# 'YOUTH TO YOUTH'

(Continued from page 24)

health department told us about services to the poor... But I still think going out and helping these people is more important than talking about it."

Dalla thinks another important feature of Noar L'Noar is its connections with the Bnei Brith Youth Organization and with Bnei Brith in Israel. These contacts include summer exchange programmes, sending Israeli teenagers to the U.S. and Europe and bringing B.B.Y.O. members here. Of course, the Israeli delegation is always a centre of attention at the B.B.Y.O. international convention held in the U.S. every summer. That, plus the pro-Israel education given in B.B.Y.O., is how Noar L'Noar delegates initiated and passed a resolution (at the 1970 international convention) obligating every B.B.Y.O. member to visit Israel.

Former members, now college students, become counselors in Noar L'Noar, a fact which impresses Dalla: "We are teenagers and can give our time, but they are busy, some are married and may even be parents. They get paid but the salaries are tiny." What amazes her most is Yehuda Erel's dedication. Why should a man who is so much older give up his weekends and evening for teenagers?

When I visited Mr. Erel in his office at the Tel Aviv municipality, I asked him that question. "It's because I believe in the things I learned in the Palmah. We learned from the example of our elders, and today's youth needs our example. A citizen is not just a taxpayer, and these youngsters can be good and active citizens if we show them how and give them the chance."

Mr. Erel's job at the municipality involves everything from sex education to organizing pupils as volunteer fund raisers for major charities, and he has been coordinating Tel Aviv's Noar L'Noar programme (along with other after-school social education activities) as part of his job since Dr. Shaul Levine (formerly head of Tel Aviv's education department) founded it 15 years ago.

In the mid-'60s, when Mr. Erel was in the United States, he approached the director of B.B.Y.O.,

# THE TREVIRA TOUCH

Trevira knits — light and airy, pleasant to touch, keep their shape, easy to launder, dry quickly, no need to iron.

TREVIRA 2000

Model Dive

Sewing and knitting of dream clothing ready-to-wear and made to measure

אופנת הלום הילד

OFFAT HALOM HAYELED

3 Rehov Yekeskiel, Gush, Jerusalem, Tel. 22876-251614

# INTERNATIONALLY ACCLAIMED

ELAC

TANDBERG

There's only one way to buy STEREO equipment LISTEN TO IT!

Please visit our DEMONSTRATION ROOM. Sole Agents in Israel for:

TANDBERG: Stereo Amplifiers, Tape Recorders, Speakers, TV Sets.  
ELAC: Professional Record Players, Mag. Heads, Compact System.  
PICKERING: Mag. Heads.  
ORLESTON: Loudspeakers.  
SHERWOOD: Stereo Tuners, Amplifiers, Speakers.

DUTY FREE PEOPLE PAY THE LOWEST PRICES IN THE WORLD  
ELECTRON OSILLAG LTD., Tel Aviv, 107 Rehov Hahashmonaim, Tel. 260585

Please send me your free Catalogue

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

By Haddassah Bat-Haim

# Telephone pest

AMONG the other benefits of civilization and faithful duplication of a way of life not indigenous to the area, the characteristics that make us into a normal nation like none and robbers, chain letters and air pollution, we now have added the telephone pest. It is true that this kind of nuisance is rather passé juvenile in countries where almost every baby has his own instrument connected to his crib. But we are still classed as underdeveloped in the more sophisticated techniques of evolution. For one to whom the telephone is still a novelty, perhaps it is fun to pick a name at random out of the nice new thick directory and engage an unknown recipient in purposeless banter.

Picking up the receiver in answer to a caller asking for me by name, I admit my identity to a not unpleasant voice which sounds rather young but old enough to have more sense than is at present displayed. After making sure that he is addressing the right person, the caller asks me if I know that I am a complete idiot and should be shut away.

Well; intelligence I feel is comparative. There are some people around, mainly drivers of large cars, against whom my brain power scintillates like a searchlight at midnight. On the other hand I concede modestly that there are quite a few subjects — on which I am not prepared at the moment to go into detail — on which I cannot be said to function brilliantly, if at all.

Also character traits are very dependant on attitudes. The difference between firm and obstinate or fat and well-built is often only the difference between subjective and objective and I am not ready to accept the opinion of an unknown voice at an undetermined distance.

I ask politely who is speaking. If it is some dear and treasured friend whose values I esteem, I have no hesitations in my behavior, but the voice merely claims to be a friend who just wants to tell me that the way I comport myself is a shame and a disgrace to all right-minded citizens.

My stupidity, he adds, is really outstanding. In truth few of my friends measure our relationship by the intellectual contribution that I make to it. It seems unlikely though that any of them would take the trouble to ring me up to emphasize it. I would like to point out that a friendly eye would never see such faults, but to involve myself in a Shakespearean slanging match in Hebrew would put me at a disadvantage greater than anything to be gained from it.

Therefore I beg the anonymous caller to wait a moment as I have something important and confidential to tell him, which he will appreciate cannot be spread out to all and sundry. Eagerly he says yes he will wait and I quietly move onto the desk the tape recorder set at the list of irregular verbs which I had been trying to memorize when he interrupted me. My voice, repeating the definitions, comes through loud and clear, though somewhat lacking in drama but the result is barely half-way through — not more than five minutes — when he hangs up the receiver with some violence.

Perhaps he doesn't think that grammar is essential to perspicacity.

### MATERNITY WEAR

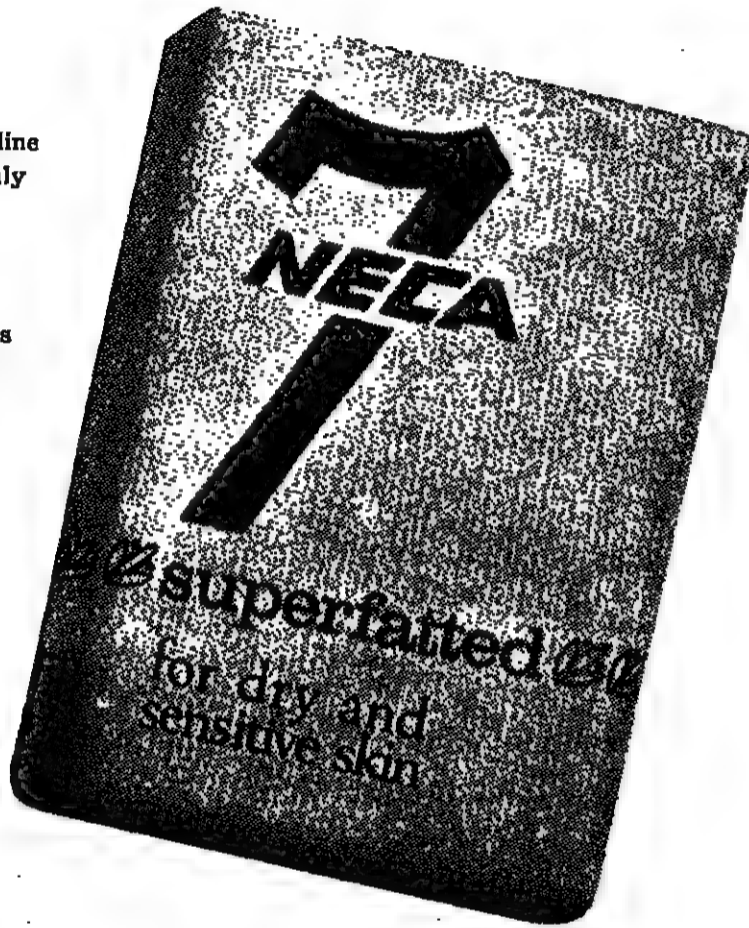
Large selection of new models available

108 Dikmanoff, Tel Aviv

Tel. 431848

## A NEW WAY TO TREAT SENSITIVE SKIN

# Superfatted

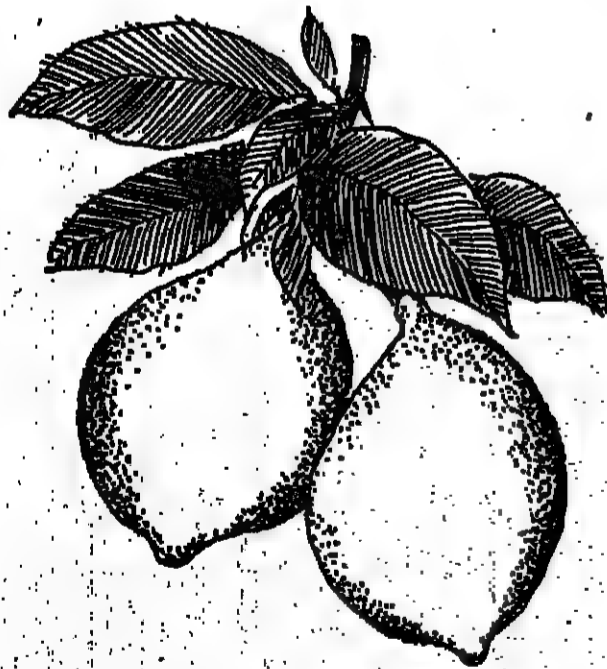


NECA 7 SUPERFATTED is a neutral non-alkaline soapless bar that cleans skin deeply and thoroughly — and preserves the vital skin-fat balance.

NECA 7 SUPERFATTED has all the advantages of Neca 7, plus important fat ingredients to treat dry and sensitive skin.

So it is ideal for skin with these conditions, and a boon for normal skin too.

Choose from two lovely fragrances: the violet bar with delicate lilac; and the yellow bar with a refreshing scent of lemon.



MADE BY N E C A LTD.



DISTRIBUTORS: NURIT CO. LTD.

### MUSIC AND MUSICIANS BY YOHANAN BOEINI

THE Van Leer Foundation in Jerusalem last week played host to intellectuals gathered not to discuss physics or philosophy, but — for the first time in its distinguished history — music. The problem under discussion — the place of Church music in Israel's cultural life — was highlighted by the recent decision of the High Court of Justice rejecting the argument of the organizers of the Abu Ghosh-Kiryat Yearshan Music Festival that the Education Ministry be obliged to grant them a subsidy, as it does other musical efforts.

In his majority decision Justice Yitzhak Klatzar, had stated that it was "far better to expend the limited State funds on funding into life the embers of song and poetry left glowing after the great dispersal of the Jewish people and on developing the new music of the nation after the return to Zion than to spend it on the fostering of foreign music, however great it may be." (Justice Haim Cohn, dissenting, held that in its subsidizing policy, the Ministry must be guided solely by the merits of the music *qua* music.)

The panel of the symposium consisted of Prof. R.J. Zvi Werblowski, of the Hebrew University, moderator; Dr. Denise Galatin (French Literature, Tel Aviv University), Prof. Alexander L. Ringer, (musicologist, University of Illinois), Dr. Mordechai Breuer (Israeli History, Bar-Ilan University) and Dr. Amnon Shiloah (musicologist, Hebrew University).

#### References to decision

The terms of reference for the symposium originally laid it down that the High Court's judgment was not to be discussed, but the panelists naturally kept returning to this or that quotation from the learned justices' statements, which represent the two extremes of approach to this problem.

In the first round, after the moderator's exposition of the whole subject, Dr. Galatin asked why there was no opposition to teaching and learning European literature, which was nearly all inspired by Christian culture, but there was opposition to music if Christian music is considered by some as harmful to Israel, why do we accept the products of Greek culture, which at one time was strongly considered most harmful to Israel's survival?

Prof. Ringer, declaring himself an "in-outsider" or "out-insider," having spent considerable pe-



riods in Israel since 1962, laid stress on the great danger of parochialism, which, he said, is most rampant in small totalitarian nations, fascist or communist. Quoting widely to ridicule the notion of the "Christian" character of the music (Handel's Oratorios, Corelli's Concerti Grossi, the innumerable sonata *de chiesa*, etc) he held that what is decisive is not the purpose for which any particular music was created but the spirit in which it was created: it is the sublimation of intention rather than the original occasion of a work's composition that must be considered. As for Israeli culture, he pleaded for a pluralistic, multi-strata cultural life where everything valuable should have its place.

#### Berlioz quotation

Dr. Shiloah quoted at length from Hector Berlioz' "On Church Music," apparently intending to show that even Christians have different opinions on the subject. He cited Mother Marussia who teaches Israeli songs to her young non-Jewish charges in Jerusalem, since she thinks that they should

participate in the culture of the country to which they belong. Dr. Shiloah called for tolerance towards different cultures.

Dr. Breuer, emphasizing that he did not represent any group or institution, was by far the most interesting participant in the symposium for he incorporates in his background all the factors which have given rise to the dilemma. Coming from an Orthodox Frankfurt family, he is musically highly involved, culturally Western conditioned, but thinks that "a little parochialism would not hurt us." He expressed his opposition to Christian texts, not music, quoting Justice Cohn's definition that "good taste, self-respect and national pride" should determine selection.

He reminded the audience of the sensitivity of a public which was not necessarily strongly religious and defended the withholding of the subsidy on the grounds that it was perhaps only a minority that wanted and enjoyed Christian music.

#### Wagner's works

Reiterating his criterion of works, not music, Dr. Breuer said that he himself would not oppose the performance of Wagner in this country. Prof. Ringer quoted Schopenhauer in support of the thesis that it is the essence of music and not the text that is decisive, but he felt that the time had come to talk about the traumatic induced by recent historical experiences in order to overcome them by learning to live with them. Our culture, he said, should face the issue.

It was agreed that much more time would be required to come to conclusions on an exact definition of the terms "Christian music," "liturgical" music, "culture" or "cultural life."

AMONG the points made in the public discussion were the following:

- Is the St. Matthew Passion an oratorio or a religious service? (Dr. Breuer: The text is the stumbling block.)
- As the words are generally either inaudible or unintelligible, need the text be considered at all? (no comment.)
- If certain sentences of an offensive character were omitted for example from the "Messiah" or the Passions) would that make the works acceptable? (Dr. Breuer thought this a possibility.)
- The approach should be revised to suit the changed de-

Mary and Child, the Passion, etc. and yet people demonstrate against music?

#### Unexpected positions

Prof. Werblowski, summing up, expressed the view that the discussion had been on two different wavelengths — modern society and halakha with the very liberal and the very Orthodox members of the panel taking up unexpected positions. The occasion proved that opposing opinions can be voiced with dignity, problems can be discussed without heckling or personal insults. The atmosphere in the hall was cordial, pleasant and well-mannered throughout.

There was one remark of Dr. Breuer's on which I should have welcomed elaboration: Declaring that he personally is in favour of a pluralistic culture for Israel, he added: "If I had to choose between a pluralistic culture and an outspokenly Israeli culture I would unhesitatingly choose the latter."

The evening produced a lot of points worth consideration and stimulated thought and argument. Without, of course, coming up with a generally accepted or acceptable solution to the problem, the subject of Christian music got a thorough airing. Many people in the audience expressed a wish for more discussions of this kind. We hope the Van Leer Foundation will follow up its initiative in this field.

By a curious coincidence, I have received from a friendly reader in New York a programme relevant to this subject: The Church of the Resurrection, 115 East 74th Street, New York City recently held a memorial service for the young violinist Michael Rabin, at which Ernest Bloch's "Sacred Service" was performed. The "Benediction" was given by the Rev. James H. Cupit, Jr. Recalling the exhibition of the Virgin of Temple Israel.

IMPORTANT FOR NEW OLIM & TAX EXEMPT

# Quelle CATALOGUE SALE

OVER 40,000 OFFERS FROM THE BEST WORLD MARKETS. NO MORE RUNNING TO STORES—ALL YOU NEED IN ONE CATALOGUE

The Israel tax free center Ltd.

T-A 3 AHUZAT BAYIT ST. TEL. 58253

To: ITC Ltd. 3, Ahuzat Bayit TEL-AVIV. Enclosed find my check for IL 20.- to cover cost of the new Quelle catalogue. I understand that if my total purchase will exceed 250 DM, my IL 20.- payment will be returned to me.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_  
Address: \_\_\_\_\_

AUTHORIZED QUELLE DEALERS:  
Tel Aviv: Sazon Merkaz, 32 Rehov Ben Yehuda, Lashvut Laot, 32 Rehov Ben Yehuda, Shalech Trading, 81 Ahuzat Bayit, Zura Ltd, 83 Rehov Yehuda Halevy, I.D.S. 20 Rehov Sherkin, Olmco, Migdal Shalom.

Beerseba: Avshal, 27 Rehov Habasmatrit, Merkaz Hamuscle, 107 Rehov Keren Kayemet, Lashvut Laot, Unico Passage.  
Haifa: Sazon Ma'ar, 17 Rehov Hanevdim, Richter, 25 Rehov Heral  
Jerusalem: Shalom Olim, 2/8 Rehov Shevach Hayamin, Friedman-Shur, 14 Rehov Binjamin.

### RADIO FOR MUSIC LOVERS

TODAY — 06.15: Fax, Loeke, Holmer, Bach, 08.45: "Jazz" 10.45: Bach's Violin Concerto in E (Mitsis); Elgar's Introduction and Allegro for Strings (Bodan); 4.30 p.m.: Mozart's Piano Concerto, K.467; Mahler's Symphony No. 2, 10.00 p.m.: Tchaikovsky's Capriccio Italien (Ormandy); Piano Concerto, op. 23 (Aronovitch); Symphony No. 6 (Brotzman); Marche Slave (Stokowski); 11.30 p.m.: Sounds from the Romantic Past.

FRIDAY — 06.15: Coppenla: "Le Fraunce" (Haydn); Symphony No. 10, 11.30 p.m.: Weber's "Karyanthos" (Gross); Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 4 (Solomon); Brahms' Haydn — Variations (Sollitt); 5.00 p.m.: Composers suggest... Benjamin Grad, 8.00 p.m.: "The 12 World's Greatest Composers" (Dr. Thomas Mann) "Dr. Faustius", 11.47 p.m.: Mozart in Sound; Buxtehude.

SUNDAY — 06.15: Gluck: Orchestral Suite from "Orfeo ed Euridice"; Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto (Gibart); Dvorak: Slavonic Dance, 11.45 p.m.: Chopin in Paris (repeated); 1.00 p.m.: Beethoven's Missa Solemnis (Cheng); 2.45 p.m.: I.P.O. Concert; Symphony No. 25 (Mitsis); 4.30 p.m.: Villa Mascheroni in A Minor (Perry); 11.47 p.m.: Beethoven's Piano Concerto, op. 45; Mozart's Requiem for Winds, K.388.

MONDAY — 06.15: Choral Music by Brahms, Bach, Bachman, 08.45: Beethoven's Quartet; Mozart: Horneded mottos; Schubert: Night Song; Strauss: French Suite, 11.45 p.m.: Excerpts from Rossini Opera, 1.00 p.m.: D. Scarlatti —

Tuesday: Saito; Gethrus: Fantasy for Flute, Harp and Oboe; Lalo: Oello Concerto; Elgar: "Enigma" Variations, 10.45 p.m.: Mozart: Violin Concerto, K.467; Bach: French Suite No. 1; Beethoven's Violin Sonata, op. 10 (Kremer-Brannen).

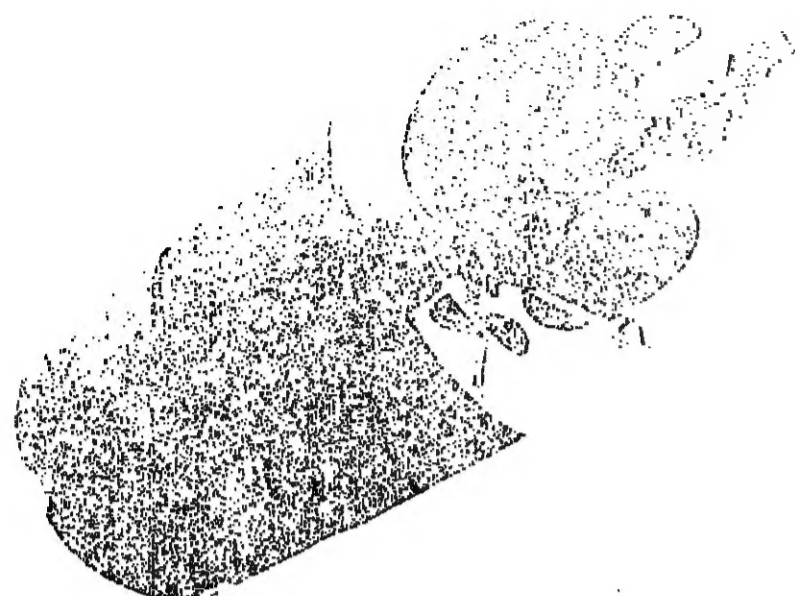
TUESDAY — 06.10: Light music by Messiaen; Debussy; Sappo; Grandjean; Klumy-Karalov, etc. 08.00: Ireland: "London" (Vince O'Rourke); Giletti; Concerto for Violin (Guthrie); Sibelius: Yalo triolo; Gluck: "The Sorcerer's Apprentice"; Beethoven's Piano Concerto, op. 23 (Gross); 11.45: Beethoven's Piano Concerto, op. 23 (Gross); 11.45: The Bands of the U.S. Army, Air Force, Navy and Marines, 2.30 p.m.: Symphony Concert (see "Foster").

WEDNESDAY — 06.10: Viraldi; Basson Concerto; Mozart: Exultate, Jubilate, 10.45 p.m.: Ballets by Leosana, Back, Holst, Tchaikovsky, Chopin; Mendelssohn, Gade; 4.30 p.m.: Eastern Tuesday Night of Symphony Concert, 10.50 p.m.: Mitsis: "David" — Opera (until 09.30).

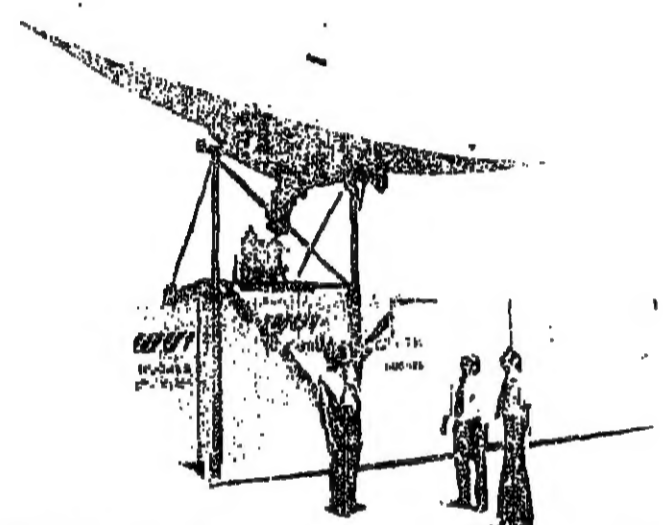
THURSDAY — 06.10: Bizet: "Bona"; Respighi: "Fantasia di Roma", 10.45: P.P.O. (trough) — Bach: Violin Concerto in A Minor (Gitar); Perry; Symphony No. 1 (Perry), 1.00 p.m.: L. Mozart: Toy Symphony; Debussy: L. Mozart: Requiem (Gitar); Villa Mascheroni in A Minor (Perry); 11.47 p.m.: Beethoven's Piano Concerto, op. 45; Mozart's Requiem for Winds, K.388.

FRIDAY — 06.15: Choral Music by Brahms, Bach, Bachman, 08.45: Beethoven's Quartet; Mozart: Horneded mottos; Schubert: Night Song; Strauss: French Suite, 11.45 p.m.: Excerpts from Rossini Opera, 1.00 p.m.: D. Scarlatti —

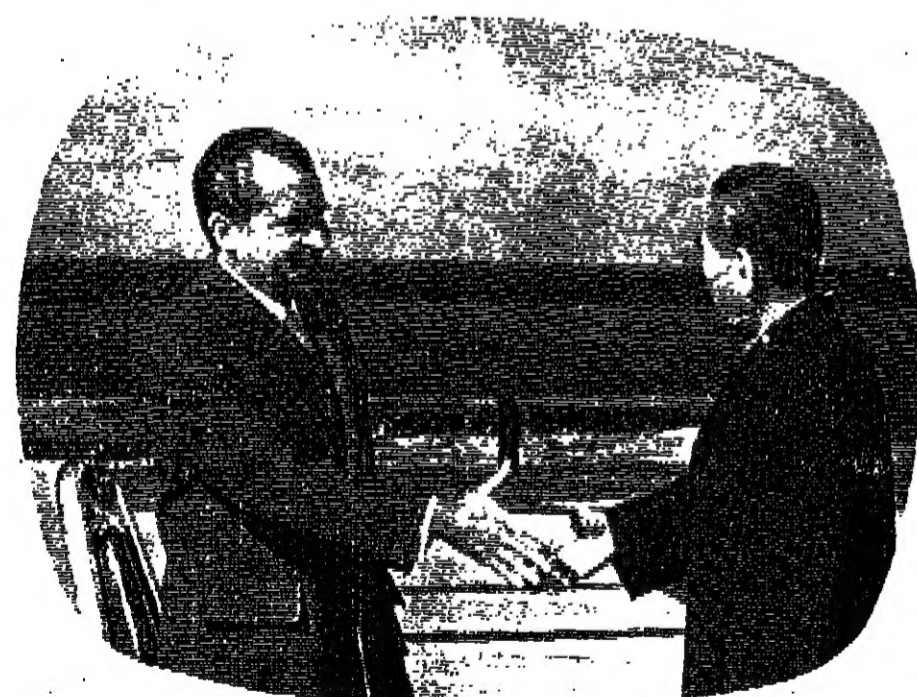
WE BUILT THIS SATELLITE



AND THIS EARTH STATION



TO BRING PEKING



TO THE WORLD.

The leaders of two of the world's great powers. Meeting face to face. For the first time.

During President Nixon's visit to China, millions of people throughout the world were watching, listening, and reading about the event.

They comprised one of the largest audiences in the history of man.

Why were they interested? Because every member of that audience, to one degree or another, had a stake in the results.

*Hughes was deeply involved.*

We built and operated the mobile earth station that was flown to Peking for this event, under contract to Western Union International, to transmit communications out of Peking 24 hours a day.

It provided capacity for one color TV channel and nine voice commentaries. The station also simultaneously carried 60 two-way telephone channels for use of the Presidential party as well as for the press to transmit teletype, telephotos and radio reports.

And we built the giant Intelsat IV satellites for Communications Satellite Corporation (COMSAT), manager for the 83-nation International Telecommunications Satellite Consortium. Stationed over the Pacific and the Atlantic, these satellites carried TV and all press communications from Peking and relayed them to Intelsat's worldwide satellite communications network.

Each satellite can carry 5,000 phone conversations, or 12 television programs, or tens of thousands of teletype circuits. (In contrast, the first commercial synchronous communications satellite—invented by Hughes—had a capacity of only 240 phone conversations or one television program.)

This is just one way that Hughes is helping to meet the need for instant communications.

For the world's needs are many, and Hughes is pioneering in other technologies that promise to advance the lot of mankind.

**HUGHES**

HUGHES INTERNATIONAL  
HUGHES AIRCRAFT COMPANY  
CULVER CITY, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

\*International subcontractors teamed with Hughes on the Intelsat program include: British Aircraft Corporation, and Ferranti, Ltd., both of the United Kingdom; Thomson-CSF, and SAT, of France; AEG-Telefunken, Germany; Northern Electric Company, Canada; Nippon Electric Company, Japan; Etudes Techniques et Constructions Aérospatiales, Belgium; Selenia, SpA, Italy; Contraves, AG, Switzerland; Svenska Radio AB, Sweden, and CEC, SA, of Spain.

# Readers and reviewers

THEATRE  
Wendell Kahane

A LADY of my acquaintance headed towards me across the dense party crowd. Something in her face made me duck, but too late. She was upon me, wagging a menacing finger.

"For once you've disappointed me," she opened. Thoughts started to race through my mind: What had I done lately to cause her displeasure? Could it be...? "On your recommendation I went to see the show you reviewed last week, and was bored to death. My husband was luckier: he slept right through it."

The lady went to see a show on my recommendation? I recommended a show? When I came home I fished the offending review out of my files and read: "I greatly enjoyed some of the comic scenes... her performance in the role of the mother is probably the best in her career... the set is a beautiful structure..."

I admit I used some superlatives, but did I recommend it? Did I say "you must go and see it," or words to that effect? Is praise of a show by a critic to be construed as advising the reader to part with his hard-earned cash to buy a couple of tickets, hire a baby-sitter, and go out in the rain instead of staying home and watching a TV film on road safety?

They lady at the party is not the only one. I often receive letters from readers either protesting against or thanking me for my "recommendation." Some people seem to confuse the role of a theatre critic with that of the writer of a shopping column. When the said columnist states that the new laundry soap is superior to others because it only eats its way through a shirt on the second washing instead of the first, he is presumably basing his statement on hard facts and can in all honesty recommend readers to buy the product. Can a theatre critic ever do the same?

## World of intangibles

A critic lives in a world of intangibles, of sensibilities, of emotional and aesthetic experiences. They are his own and no one else's. He succeeds in doing what he is paid for if he effectively imparts these personal experiences to his readers, and he is very lucky if he has an audience which enjoys reading about his experiences. As for the readers' going or not going to see the show, that's none of his business (though he would naturally gain some satisfaction should a show he has enjoyed, pack them in, and if one he has suffered through should gently fold). Theatres employ publicity men whose job it is to bring in paying customers, and if in doing so they quote the critic, he can't help it. Not even when a critic writes that a show is so bad that "it has to be seen to be believed" and the publicity man puts on the placards outside the theatre: "Has to be seen."

We are all products of our background and education, of the sum total of experiences, important and trivial, we have been through in our wanderings over this planet. Every life is unique, and consequently every sensibility is unique. I often think of the elderly lady I once saw in the theatre, watching in a state of sustained ecstasy what was to me a mediocre performance of a tepid play by a visiting Viennese company. The lady was probably born and brought up in Vienna, and the performance reached down into her subconscious and stirred up who knows what memories. If the lady is a reader of *The Jerusalem Post*, and saw my politely cool review — I hope she

understood that the writer's background differed greatly from her own, and that he saw the show through his eyes, not hers.

Let us not confuse judgement with recommendation. It is the critic's duty to pass judgement, but he also has to tell the reader how he arrived at it, why he thinks that a particular play or show or individual performance is "good" or "bad." This enables the reader to reach his own decision on whether to go to the show. If for instance I write that I did not like a certain actress' performance because it was over-emotional, he may take it as a good reason to see the show, be-

cause he likes sitting in the theatre with his handkerchief at the ready. And my praise of a scene of violence as being realistically staged may cause another reader to shun the show because he can't stand the sight of blood.

## Extreme cases

There are extreme cases where a recommendation is clearly implied. Each critic writes for readers of a presumed cultural level. I presume that the cultural level of the readers of this newspaper is fairly high, and so when I see a show obviously contrived to please the semi-literate, I say

so clearly as a warning. Conversely, if I attend a show which obviously has serious intentions (in the artistic sense — it may be a farce), regardless of the results, I tell the reader so and thus implicitly advise him to see it. In the first case I may spare him a humiliating experience; in the second the reader who follows my implied recommendation may spend a miserable evening, but will leave the theatre with the satisfying feeling that he at least tried.

Otherwise, taking the critic's judgement as a recommendation may have sad results for the reader. The history of the theatre

(and of music and art and literature) is strewn with the bleached bones of critics who were blind in the presence of genius. Those newspaper readers who in 1955 followed the majority of Israel's theatre critics, and allowed the production of "Waiting for Godot" to fold after a few performances, missed one of the great theatrical experiences of our times. That was about the time when, in one of the most famous episodes in modern theatrical history, the play was enthusiastically received by inmates of California's San Quentin prison, an audience which we may presume, had read no reviews at all.



STOLEN "PULKES"  
TASTE SWEETEST

WE  
ALL

LIKE TURKEY

I snatched a "pulke" from the fridge  
I like a turkey "pulke," because of its taste and the spices.

Write to the Poultry Marketing Board, P.O.B. 124,  
Tel Aviv for a free booklet with recipes.







